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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The History of the Two Maids of More-clacke

by Robert Armin

1609

Date of only known original edition 1609

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The History of the Two Maids of More-clacke

by ROBERT ARMIN

1609

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

The Two Maids of More-clacke

by Robert Armin

1609

Besides the original of this play, now in the British Museum, there are copies in Bodley and in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.

Robert Armin was an actor as well as a dramatist. All that is known of him will be found in the late Dutton Cook's article in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE

Hiſtory of the two Maids of More-clacke

VVith the life and ſimple maner of IOHN *in the Hoſpitall.*

Played by the Children of the Kings Maieſties Reuels.

VVritten by ROBERT ARMIN, ſeruant to the Kings *moſt excellent Maieſtie.*

LONDON,
Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Archer*, and is to be ſold at his ſhop in Popes-head-Pallace, 1606.

To the friendly peruſer.

GENTLEMEN, Cittizens, Ruſtickes, or quis non, *I haue boldly put into your hands, a Hiſtorical diſcourſe, acted by the boyes of the Reuels, which perchaunce in part was ſometime acted more naturally in the Citty, if not in the hole. Howſoeuer I commit it into your hands to be ſcan'd, and you ſhall find verſe, as well blancke, as crancke, yet in the proſe let it paſſe for currant, I would haue againe inacted* Iohn *my ſelfe, but* Tempora mutantur in illis, *& I cannot do as I would, I haue therefore thought good to diuulge him thus being my old acquaintance,* Iack, *whoſe life I knew, and whoſe remembrance I preſume by appearance likely. Wherein I whilome pleaſed: and being requeſted both of Court and Citty, to ſhew him in priuate, I haue therefore printed him in publike, wiſhing thus much to euery one, ſo delighting,* I *might put life into this picture, and naturally act him to your better contents; but ſince it may not be, my entreaty is, that you would accept this dumbe ſhow, and be well wiſhing to the ſubſtance.*

Yours euer as he is merry and frolicke,

ROBERT ARMIN.

The Hiſtorie of the two Maides of More-clacke.

With the life and ſimple manner of IOHN i'the Hoſpitall.

Enter a maide ſtrowing flowers, and a ſeruing man perfuming the doore.

Maide.

STrow, Strow.

Man. The Muskadine ſtayes for the bride at Church,
The Prieſt and himens ceremonies tend
To make them man and wife.

Maid. By my maiden-head a ioyfull time, ile paue their Way with flowers.

Man. While I perfume.

Maid. Some ſay this widdow's rich.

Man. I will not ſay as poore as *Iob*, but as bare as Ianuary, when the trees looke like a girle, whoſe coulour comes and goes as froſt doos in the milke.

Maid. Twas wont to be a rich widdow and a poore knight, but now falſe, a knight rich and the widdow poore.

Man. How euer honour is moſt rich, no matter who is poore.

Maid. I would my fortune were no worſe
Man. Thine may be better.
Maid. So much if't be thy wil, if euer knight were gul'd, be it in me, in me I pray. *Enter Humil.*
Hum. What are the waits of London come?
Man. Yes ſir.
Hum. Play in their higheſt key then, *hoboyes play.*
Man. ſound Hoboyes.
Hum. Make the Gods daunce, cauſe Iouiall mirth
Muſike in heauen for this earthes matriage
Is a triumphant concord to vs all,
To me tis ſeal'd by promiſe for his daughter,
Who in our blood ſhall ſimpathize, ſayes I,
She ſhall be ours, bedded, although ſome
Menace a riualſhip, yet the ſure card
Giues the trick ours, and we ſhall winne,
Since in my mother it doth firſt beginne.

Enter the ſolemne ſhewe of the marriage, Sir William Vergir, Earle, Lords, Auditor, Sir *Rafe,* Sir *Robert Toures, Filbon, others.*

Enter Lady, miſtres Mary, miſtres Tabitha, and ſome other women for ſhewe.

After all.

Enter *Iames a cittizen, father to Humil.*

Iames. Good morrow ſir.
Humil. A good one to thy ſelfe, to vs tis ſeaſond,
Iames. A marriage ſir?
Hum. I and a good one friend.
Iames. Becauſe tis rich.
Hum. Good reach at ſtarres, y'faith tis true.
Iames. In whom ſir, if I may be bold.
Hum. A knight of *More-clack* to a London widow.
Iam. My burdned ſoule ſaies I, a Knight of *More-clack* to the widow *Humil*, iuſt, tis ſhe,

Humill.

Humil. By this the bleſſing of the holy rights,
Rellishes in them, they are married, at leaſt
Faire for it, I muſt witneſſe to't, fare-well. *exit.*
Iames. How ignorance pleades nonage, in his eie
He knowes me not, tis not the Lyons kinde,
Whoſe nature challenges right property,
Of perfect being, if it were,
Humil would *Humill* know, that him begot,
To be what now he is married againe,
And her firſt husband liuing, blame her not,
Tis my owne proiect, thanke my letters,
That falſifide our deaths black funerall,
Into her mornefull hearing, follow it,
Thinke on thy ſoule, diuide that bitter band,
Knit by the cloſure of a mutuall hand. *exit.*

Enter two watermen with luggedge.

Wat. I reſt ye ſir.
Fer. At whoſe ſuit *Wat?*
Wat. At the bridegroomes, ile not a foot further till I haue eaz'd my ſhoulders.
Fer. No nor I, we are aſſes right, we carry prouender, but are not the better for't.
Wat. As how?
Fer. Thou'rt not beleeue breads bread, till it be taſted, I ſay to thee, in this trunk is prouender.
Wat. be an aſſe till thou proue it.
Fer. Heres money which will buy it.
Wat O by a figure, I ſay to thee thou art an aſſe.
How?
Wat. By thy burthen.
Fer. No otherwiſe, thats not ſo good.
Wat. Becauſe thou haſt eares.
Fer. Are all aſſes that haue eares?
Wat. Are all trunckes laden with money that are heauy?
Fer. indeede I confeſſe in that I am an aſſe, but I thinke ſo.
Wat. By ſuch a ſurmiſe thou makeſt it prouender.

We are water-men, and thinke becauſe wee ſee a man comming, and that I am his firſt man, heele be my firſt fare, when another gets him.

Enter Tutch the Clowne, writing.

Fer. Come, you are bookiſh.

Wat. And thou blockiſh ſay rights right, and no more.

Fer. Se ſirha Mr. *Tutch*, what an officer?

Wat. Yes, hees booking in, Mr. *Tutch*, *ſalue*, *ſis ſalue*.

Fer. *Iubio te ſaluere*, *aue*.

VVat. He heares vs not.

Tuch. Let me ſee Capons, Turkeis, Small-birds, Beeſes, Muttons, Partridge, Plouer, Wood-cocks.

VVat. Meaning vs, good morning, and many ſir.

Fer. And many Mr. *Tutch*.

Tutch. Are ye come water-ſquirts, are ye come?

VVat. And why ſir, water-ſquirts?

Tutch. Becauſe you ſhoote water, and ſo do they, but ha ye that will doo't, my dainty element daſhers.

Fer. Do't and ſtand to't Mr. *Tutch*, if wee might ſpend it ſir.

Enter Humil.

Humil. Well ſaid honeſt knaues, beare in, but ſay wheres *Iohn* i'th hoſpitall, and's nurſe?

VVat. At hand ſir.

Humil. Tis well, away, and *Tutch* tutch the tippes of their tongues, with our ſeller ſuckets.

Tutch. Ile tutch the tippes of their tongues, & their tongues tippes, ile baſte their bellies and their lippes til we haue ierk't the cat with our three whippes.

Humil. Married? tis ended, and the next pull mine. At a faire fleece, a golden one, the eldeſt daughter is my hope, what then reſts in it, O you winged lap-wings, fartheſt cry, when we come neereſt to't. *Quando pecus omnia ſub vmbra ruminat antiquos paulilum vocitamus amores.* *exit.*

Iames. Tis done too late to aske why ſo.
Tardie intruſion as a Cipher plaſte.

Fille

Fils but vp roome, while ſubſtance in the other
Makes number pretious, I am that round O,
Which with a ſigh, as ſad as is my ſoule,
Griene all too late, what now befits my mone,
But black deſpaire, and die in't do,
To make thy ſelfe knowne, but repreſents
Mellow fruit falling into danger, ô I am that
Rotten ruin'd, and vnrelliſht ſubſtance,
Which on my owne vpgrowing tree falles off,
By the times negligence, vndone I am,
Would I had dide indeede, and not in word.
Theſe ill tun'd words like diſcords ſounded harſh
And yet were thought true muſick, well, well,
Ile take my ſtand, and as ſhe paſſes by
Note if her glories daſh not all my hopes
With baſe forgetfulneſſe of what ſhe was,
My picture can ſhe not forget, may be,
Old loue may yet liue in this new-born Lady.

Enter the ſolemne order of the Bride-groomes *returne from Church, and as the bride goes by, ſhe beholds* Iames *the cittizen with earneſt eye, & ſpeakes aſide.*

Lady. I am woonder ſtrocken in my ſelfe,
O you all-ſeeing, pardon my attempt,
My ſecond choice hath laid ſiege to my ſoule,
And my diſloyalty hath in that witneſſe
Slaine the concurrances of after ioy,
Euen ſo he look't that had my maiden heart,
Euen ſuch was he, whoſe farre eſtranged death
Gaue me this licence of ill libertie,
To do, and vndo, O forgiue me then,
Weake in my ſect, my fault to the beſt of men.

S. Wil. New wedded Lady, & our mornings bride,
What is't that troubles ye? *Lets fal her glone, Iames takes it vp.*

Lady. A loſſe but being ſmall.

Earle. No matter for the loſſe.
You find a purchaſe, equals any croſſe.

Lady. Let it go then. *Exeunt.*

Iam. ſhe knowes me and this conſtant accident
Subſcribes to't, how can ſhe excuſe,
This double deede, this falſe neglect of loue?
O women how you dally in your truſt,
How quickly you forget late liuing life,
And bury the remembrance in your ſmiles
All ye this morning for the dead to ſigh,
And ſhed your teares in boſome of new choice
How haue I ſifted your looſe difference,
For euer being preſident againſt all.
Glad am I at this oportunity,
Who landed me euen in the iawes of feare
Swallowing my deſtiue happineſſe
To vtter ruine of herſelfe and me
If the vnconſtant aire whiſtle abroad,
That *Humil* liues, then *Humils* widow dies
In deſperat ſcandall, rackt and tormented,
In the remembrance of old wretchednеſſe,
Which to preuent, plots cunningly contriu'd
Muſt buckler my repute ſo weakly wiu'd. *exit*

Enter ſir Robert Toures, and yong Filbon.

Tour. Loſt her gloue?
So ſhe makes knowne.
Tour. Ile find it to my euerliuing glory,
And the next triumph, weare it in my helme
Daring all gallants in defence to approue,
S. *William Vergirs* Lady owes this gloue. *exit*
Filb. If my good fortune challenge ſuch account,
To find it by my friend or induſtry,
Ile prick it on a pole, and with my launce,
Curuet with nimble ſpeed, in courſe of armes,
And as I ſnatch it by a curious paſſe,
Cry in lowd eccho, here is for her loue,
Who on her wedding day did looſe this gloue. *exit.*

Enter the two maiden ſiſters, Mary and Tabitha.

Mary.

Mary. The Bride, our new made mother loſt her gloue.
Tabith. I ſiſter, ſo ſhe ſaies.
Mary. Ile ſeeke no further, for it is in vaine.
Tabitha. Eſpecially when quicker eyes then ours,
Arch in the browes of loues two votaries,
Lord how they'le bragge to find it queſtionles,
Twill proue a ranſome of a thouſand kiſſes,
Amorous glaunces, modeſt curteſie,
O how theſe flaterers can inſinuate,
And ſtretch an inch of length to an el of wide
Heeres much in office for a little pay.
A gloue God wot.
Mar. I ſiſter, ſo they ſay, go to ye wanton you
He that ſhall marry thee, is matcht y'faith,
To Engliſh raſh, or to a Dutch ſnap-haunce,
You will ſtrike fire with words ——
Tab. Who I? now as I liue ſweet *Moll*.
If *Filbon* marry me, as by this light.
Mary. And wincke.
Tabith. Tis hard to iuggle with the diuell, we maides
So ſimper in each others quantity
As we know faſhion ere it be deuiz'd
Forſweare you one, and Ile forſweare——
Mary. The other, iuſt euen ſo,
Shall I be plaine with thee-----
Tabit. Youle anſwere, no
Mary. I. *Tab.* No I. *Mary.* I no.
Tabith. I know you will not, therefore let him go,
I loue my *Filbon* as men loue good clothes,
Put them on euery day.
Mary. And I loue *Toures* as I loue my ſleepe,
Embracing thus, folding moſt deerely.
Tabith. Your louer nightly, as you wiſh him yearely.
Mary. In troth in ſuch a ſort:
Tabith, As children play with ſtones, to make them ſport.
Mary. You make me bluſh *Tabitha.*

Tabitha.

Tabith. At the thing ye wiſh,
Plague on the cat that loues nor milke nor fiſh.
We are all maidens pictures; faine we would,
Yet we cry away away, whē away we ſhould.
Mary. Yet againe. *Tabit.* Neuer yet.
Euer ſo when ſo our matters fit.
Mary. They are returnd, a gloue or no.

Enter Toures and Filbon.

Tour. No, but the gloue I ſought not, I ha found.
Mary. Where is't man?
Tou. You'r the gloue, which ſtil I ſeeke to weare
Make me happy, match it to a paire.
Mary. Be theſe for euer matches.
Tab. How can ye find the gloue was neuer loſt?
Filb. By ſeeking you that loſt not what we find.
Tab. Indeed a willing loſſe, is loſſe of gaine,
Where louing finders pitty looſers paine,
I will not ſay, enioy ſo much the rather,
Becauſe gift giuer cries out on the father.
But if I durſt, I would, till when.
Vnmatch our gloues, each take his owne againe.

Enter Sir William, Iames, Earle of Tumult, Auditor, ſir Rafe.

S. *Wil.* It is inacted by the brides faire word,
VVho findes her gloue, is this daies gouernour.
To manage all our paſtimes in the houſe,
And thou art he, the onely conquerour,
Of prize and honour, then enioy it.
Iam. You giue and I receiue, is this my office?
S. *Will.* Sign'd and deliuer'd.
Iam. I take it on me, muſicke triumphes come,
Since fortune caſt her fauours in my lap,
Ile be moſt prodigall.
Yet with modeſty I am a Cittizen.
Vnlook't for welcome, and vnthinking come,
To receaue honour in a ſtates mans roome.

Yet

Yet to this preſence I will ſtill addreſſe,
Loue, paines and duetie in this buſineſſe. *Exit.*

Earle. In this is fortune blind, whoſe deeds are dangers,
Giuing her graces not to friends but ſtrangers.

Toures. Prooue on my fortunes how ſo ere they ſtand,
I hold my faireſt fortune in my hand.

Marie. The like doe I. *Enter yong Humil.*

Filbon. And all the faireſt fortunes I would proue,
Is onely this, to enioy my deareſt loue.

Tabi. The like I wiſh. *ſpeake aſide.*

Humyl. All happineſſe liue in thy choice, in hers
All miſchiefs, horrour, les our ſelfe participate in tender of our choiſe, freely deliuer'd in the ſight of heauen.

S. Wil. What newes?

Humyl. The wedding dinner breaths his laſt.

S. Wil. And wee will viſite it; on forward there.

Exeunt. *Enter Iames and Ladie.*

Iames. So faire and fortunate to be thus faiſe,
Wedded to two. O you all wondring eies,
Gaze till your fire flame, your eie-balles drop
In moiſt imagination of this act,
Before the firſt be dead to wed a ſecond. ô

Lady. Why writ you dead in your laſt letters?
Sick was I, and no likelihood of life.

Iames. What then, was that a iuſt excuſe
To varniſh ouer this baſe counterfeiting? no,
Il'e make it knowne.

Lady. I care not, I will thus excuſe it,
All oppoſite of iniurie was yours,
Putting to teaſt our weakeneſſe by your letters,
VVhich carrying credit, woman in her will,
Guiltleſſe is cauſer of this open ill.

Iames. Had I beene thus aduiz'd, but all too late
Acquainted with your ſpeede, I had preuented what now is paſt and done.

Lady. Why did you not? Baud to your owne miſdeede,

Three quarters guiltie of this accident,
That might & would not ſtop the hazard,
VVill ye now heape vp miracle,
And make it worſe in note, by adding too't
A bauins blaze, t'is not ſo ſoone extinct,
Being fierce of flame, quenſht muſt it be,
By water-courſe of founder pollicie.
Iames. I am from my ſelfe in this, what ſhall I doe?
O I am madde, and miſchiefe mennaſſis vnwitting of all purpoſe.
Ladie. Why did I caſt my glove,
Proclaim'd the finder ſtickler of our ſports,
But to a point prevailing practiſe?
Iames. I know not how.
Lady. Leave all to me, women that wade in ſinne,
Haue their wits-charter to authorize it,
And they haue antidotes that to digeſt,
Which better iudgements loſe themſelues in,
let me alone.
Iames. To ly with him the while.
Ladie. Tis true to ly with him, but not in ſheetes,
To vſe the flouriſh of a womans skill,
In windes and turnings, other lying,
My new-made husband iniures not the old,
As I am ſimply falſe, I will be found
Conſtant to death, knowing my buſineſſe
Is to heale vp the fractures of the time,
And to ſalue vertue in her taint of ill.
Iames. I build on this.
Lady. Some moneth.
VVhile I poſſeſſe the glory of my name,
Attendances according, marrie our ſonne
Vnto his eldeſt daughter, that's the point
Of all: regaine my ioynter next,
T'is not amiſſe to ſatisfie your debt,
Theſe two atchiev'd, the third is bedding,

And

And if this braine beguile him not of that,
Say I am ſingle: no, ſince blame ſits nie,
Behooues giue eare to vſe true policie.
Iames. Our ſonne. *Exit.*
Lady. Aſide. *Enter Humil.*
Humil. Mother the noble gueſt expects ye,
The preſent meeting doos neglect it ſelfe
VVhere our faire bride is wanting,
Pray come in, you doe them wrong.
Lady. I am not well, and this commanding aire
Retaines my health, I came to fetch it,
Wherefore inricht with what was ours before,
VVe yeeld freſh duetie and attend them.
Humil. Will you be mindfull of our marriage, mother?
Begin ſo happily in yours.
Lady. I ſhall indeauour in it, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marie. Tabithe, Toures and Filbon.

Tabithe. Cloſe and huſht, not a fly ſtirring,
VVhile they ſeede hungerly, we, that loues detie
Doos proclaime pardon to preſume, and ſpeake,
Challendge libertie, now by my maiden-head.
Filbon. Sweare not loue.
Tabithe. Can you forbid my oath? Sir I will ſweare, & till I lacke it, ſay, nought ſhall confine me, I had rather feaſt in fancies pittance, then to feede gag'd with attention, ſoothing euery bit with curioſitie: no, I can fill my bellie in a minute, ſatisfie my ſtomacke in a breath: Louers digeſt their ſighes, and chow their ſpleene, while other appetites fall hungry toot, and let them greedily graze on.
Marie. VVhat's all this?
Toures. Louers talke any thing.
Filbon. I vnderſtand ye not.
Tabithe. I would not that you ſhould, for I ſpeake Greeke.
Marie. Regard her not, for ſhe talkes, Id'ly *Filbon.*
Tabi. Be you aduiz'd then ſiſter, I'me a foole.

Yet not ſo ſimple but I talke by rule,
I ſay, dine they that liſt, I will not, for my diſh
Dreſt to my hand is here, here let me feede,
'Ti's the maids modicum. God ſend vs ſpeede.
Marie. In that I claime a part,
Who euer feedes this diſh hath *Maries* hart.
Tabi. So then ſaid I well, ye wicked thing.
Toures. Mot as I am of Louers vnion,
Contracted to a ſollitarie life,
By thus retayning ſinglenes of heart:
Changing all doubts that the world affords
But one, ſo to thy ſweeteſt ſelfe,
Which onely art idea of my thoughts:
I vowe a reconci'led amitie,
Which violated, doos command my life
To yeeld his intreſt to the ſhade of death,
May be, your father alienates our choice,
And ſhowes as ſunne-ſhine threatning raine,
To the all-hoping harueſt preſent,
VVhich to make cleare, the honourable word
And fatherly regard in preſent office
Haue paſt their ſpeede in our attention.
I know your father will receiue their on-ſet
Soldier-like, ioying the ſiege begunne,
VVhich tho reſiſted, bids them gladly come.
Marie. Pauſe in that truſt, giue eare.
Enter Iames with the muſitions.
Iames. Sound proclamation,
It is inacted by the bride and bride-groome,
And by our ſelfe chiefe in authoritie,
That all receiue their pleaſures
From the moſt high in this aſſembly
To the loweſt, all paſtimes are made free,
Dauncing, carding, dicing reuelling,
And other dues oftimes fit merriments,
——— Vnto the bride and bride-groomes health.

Tabit. The daies ſhort, and the night's

Filb. Stop there.

Tabit. I will, to pleaſure thee,

Iames. There take your places.

And in yout ſweeteſt key of muſique ſtrokes
Sound pleaſant melody, eccho thoſe ſounds
Which true-loue-hearts, in concords chiefeſt grounds
Haue their bleſt being, vſe art in times,
Which may giue welcome to our nobleſt gueſts.

Enter Humil.

Tour. We are betraid, yong *Humill* is at hand,
Daunce, and excuſe it ſo.

Filb. Sound muſique there.

Tour. Content, a dance, and in againe.
Content, no daunce, yet in againe.

Tour. It is vngently don to ſnatch her ſo.

Hum. I ſnatch but that which promiſe ſaies is mine,
Haue I offended? *Tour.* I.

Hum. Right what is wrong. *Tour.* Here,
Or where you dare; go ſeeke in Brainford, go.

Tour. Brainford?

Iam. Put vp, or I ſhall be offending vnto one,
Againſt the brides ſonne, dare ye?

Hum. I repent not what is done, come you with me.

Tour. So ſlaues by violence do hurry hence,
The rights of----

Iames. Peace, we on you do impoſe command.
Yeeld duty in it: hall, a hall there.
Muſique ſound, and to the bride do conſecrate this round.

Enter all the traine to daunce.

S. *Wil.* Squire of the day, cul out your gadding bucks.
Select your light-heel'd does, open your Labits,
Turne them to the toiles, we that are *Venus* Huntſmen may partake the ſports.

Earle. You'r a gallant woodman ſir.

Audit. My ſonne for one. S. *Rafe,* And mine the other.

S. *Wil.* Good my daughrers for them both,
A courſe or ſo, go too, lead on, the bucks that haue imploy-
ment for theſe does, are not theſe giddy gamſters, i'le be the
Foreſter and looke too't.

Tour. Heare you that?

Mary. A lightning before heat.

Filb. Your fathers aire is harrald to his tongue.

Tabit. A knowes the coate, but thinkes not who ſhall
weare it.

S. *Wil.* Ther's two and two.

Iames. A coople more, too makes no ſhow, our meaſure is
for three.

Audit. Why then the bride. S. *Kaſe.* And bridegroome.

S. *Wil.* O ſir, pardon me.
My ioints were oild to pleaſure, but now, not.

Iames. Then I with her.

S. *Wil.* You! O, your authority commands her.

Iames. Harke.

Lady. It giues his luſter light.

Iames My warrant wins, where his dos looſe the right.

Humil ſnatches Mary from Toures and dances.

S. *Wil.* My ſonne in law growes bold.
Good againe, heres much to do in loue,
One ſimply ſtands, not challenging his owne:
And reaſon, *Mary*, chance is yet vnknowne
No, nor in you ſir, though my ſon,
Words paſt contriue, but after deedes cry done.

Audit. Brook'ſt thou this diſgrace.

Tour. O ſir, no remedy, what Iuſtice liues ſo free.
And to her owne is friending,

Audit. I am mad to thinke on't boy, but---

They daunce a meaſure.

Tour. How Goddes-like the elder of the two,
Stations the meaſure, it is a Iouiall ſight,
Where beauty gilds the pauement with her light.
How ſullen *Saturne* tooke her by the hand.

With

With frosty feeling, in whose icy touch,
She shrunke her hold, but with a iealous eie,
She glanst on me, fearefull that standers by
Should be inricht with't: now she smiles me faire,
Guilding my torture with an after hope.
Thus moraliz'd, I season on my right,
Her loue thus challeng'd by inferior might.

The Daunce ends.

S. *Wil.* After this dalliance here comes other sport.
Pray y e attend him gallants: How now *Iohn*?
Tardi venientis Iohn, you must be whip't.
Quæso preceptor, none ſt tibi quid.
Enter Iohn, Nurse, Boy, all in blew coates.

S. *Wil.* This silly sot, my Lord, so please you heare him,
Vtters much hope of matter, but small gaine.
An old wife nurst him, which we call blind *Ales*.
She dying, left him to the citties keeping.
Which in their Hospitall they thus nurst vp.
Amongst the bounties of their other deeds:
Many besides, now you shall heare his fellow.
Aske him such questions as his simplenes
Answeres to any: sirra let me heare ye.

Boy. *Iohn*, how many parts of speech be there?
Ioh. Eight, the vocatiue, and ablatiue, caret nominatiue ô,
Boy. What say you to reddish *Iacke*?
Ioh. That it does bite, Ha, ha, ha.
Boy. Where ha you been *Iacke*?
Ioh. At Powles friend.
Boy. Who saw you there?
Ioh. Mr. Deane *Nowel*, O hee's a good man truly.
Boy. What did a giue thee *Iack*?
Ioh. A groat, looke here else.
Boy. What wil't do with it?
Carri't home to my Nurse.
Boy. I'le giue thee a point *Iack*, what wil't do with it?

Iohn

Ioh. carri't home to my nurſe.
Boy. I'le giue thee a fooles head *Iack*, what wilt do with it?
Ioh. Carri't home to my nurſe,
Boy. Carry a fooles head, what a foole art thou?
Ioh. Should I goe home without it? whoſe foole now?
Boy. Who toles the bell for *Iohn*?
Ioh. Iknow not, *Iohn toles the bell, as if a pul'd the rope.*
Boy. When dide a?
Ioh. Ene now,
Boy. Hoo Iacke hoo,
Ioh. My Nurſes chickin. Ha, ha, ha.
Earle. A ſilly ignorant, is a euer ſo?
Sir Wil. Neuer otherwiſe, a cleanly Idiot, what's put on him in his morning ries, is as you ſee it. This old woman is his Nurſe. *Enter Meſſenger.*
Meſ. So pleaſe your honour you are ſent for to the Court, The Court goes from Richmond to White-hall.
Earle. We will attend her, kind ſir *William Vergir.*
Our times bride-groome to your ſelfe and you.
We wiſh as we haue euer done, all loue,
And for our preſent entertainement reſt indebted to your bounty, if a Courts amends haue in it power of ſatisfaction, you command it, this acknowledg'd euer, your poore acquaintance but an honourable friend.
Audit. We will attend your coach.
Earl. Sir, be mindfull of our ſeruant *Filbon.*
What wants in him to weie downe loue with gold,
Our fauours ſhall ſupply. *Exeunt.*
Sir Wil. Tis a light weight, their portions if they poize no better, will to the worlds beleefe, grow leſſe not greater, but let them paſſe, I weie them as they are. Come Nurſe, follow vs *Iohn.* *Exit after.*

Nurſ. Wipe your noſe, fie a flouen ſtill, looke ye be mannerly, hold vp your chinne, let me ſee ye make your holiday legge, ſo my chucking, that's a good lambe, do not cry for any

any thing, Iohn if ye doe.

Iohn. No Nurſe, grace a God, Grace a Queene. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William and his Ladie.

S. Wil. Shrecke no more in my eare, I pre-thee peace, I graunt I made ſuch promiſe: but what then, ſhall I for that ſo ſet her on the racke, when her faire fortunes looke a better way, with the ſmall proffer of your giddie ſonne, no: you ſhall pardon me.

Ladie. Youle let me haue my ioynter yet.

S. Will. Yes that, three hundred by the yeare ti's thine, But for your ſonne to wed my eldeſt daughter.

Lady. VVhy, he doth merit her in my accord, and tis no wrong in you, to dip her blood in the ſelfe dye that wee are in.

Sir. Wil. I grant his merit, but her ſhining value made golden glittering, by my vantings lookes to a higher promintoria, from which fower, when your ſonne gazes, it affrights him, yeelds him plannet ſtroke.

Lady. He ſhall not haue her then.

Sir Wil. Beleeue it wife.

Lady. He ſhall.

S. Wil. Ha.

Lady. I will not bed with you till then.

Sir Wil. What?

Lady. I ha ſaid it, and when poſture of our word takes his bace beeing, I will die the death, into our wedding ſheetes ſhall miſchiefe come, before my bodie breake your word with me, euen on your wedding day.

Sir Wil. Nay then vp with the liſts, againe it ſhall not be.

Lady. I care not, thinke you I doe, keepe your word in that, when I breake mine.

S. Wil. No more, be ſtranger to my bed, doe doe. Haue I of nothing made thee much and wilt thou——

Lady. Yes I will, haue you of proteſtations, othes, and vowes made theſe looſe fractures: lawfull bee it then for me to ſhun the make-peace bed, ſince ſtrife ſets ſuch diui-

ſion betwixt man and wife, I am moſt firme in't.

S. Wil. Very well, tis not amiſſe.

Enter Auditor, ſir Raph, Toures, Filbon, and their ſonnes.

Audit. The night drawes on, tis time to part.

Sir. Wil. At your pleaſures gentlemen.

S. *Rafe.* Your gallant daughters will be next.

S. Wil. Or not at all, for I am paſt it now.

Auditor. And we are praid vnto, our ſonnes are gentlemē, what reſteth then, but we ſaile nearer to the point?

S. *Wil.* What point?

S. *Ra.* Of mariage paſt, betwixt vs in our promiſes.

S. *Wil.* Indeede to one I promiſ'd her waight in gold, vnto the other which I loue as deare, her waight in ſiluer, now gentlemen what goods haue you to equall theſe large promiſes?

Auditor. Why all we haue.

S. *Rafe.* But twill not ſerue,
The big auouchments of my promiſes
Controlles you all, and all mens elſe, ye all,
Vnder degrees of Earles, Lords, or as Potent
To toule them on I eccho theſe large ſommes.

S. *Rafe.* Vnualued muſt your ſommes be to ſuch choice,
Honour lookes high aboue ſuch pettie price.

S. *Wil.* Looke honour high as heauen,
Our earthly reach doth leauell in that eie,
And with the imbelliſhment of richer worth
Ile by, and out-by the impriſond ſcope,
Of reaching blood, what will not value doe
Where ſtrong abillitie dos reach his hand,
And they haue beautie too, which ioynd to riches
Will proffer faire: tho not ſo quaint
As courtly dames or earths bright treading ſtarres,
They are maids of More clacke, homely milke-bole things,
Such as I loue and faine would marry well.

S. *Rafe.* It was a promiſe in you to be kinde.

Sir William. Ile forward with that promiſe, you loue my

my eldeſt.——

Toures. With my foule.

S. *Wil.* And pittie to deuide that loue, then hearken me, when ſhees dead and liues againe, ſhees yours, not till then.

Toures. Then neuer but in death.

S. *Wil.* You loue my yongeſt daughter.

Filbon. And will euer.

S. *Wil.* Pray ye doe: but when you are from your ſelfe a woman, ſhe is yours in marriage.

Filbon. Woman to woman ioynd twere wonderfull, but in more maze of wonder I ſhould be, what I doe challenge to participate, and from my ſelfe liue to deuide in other.

S. *Wil.* Faith not till ſuch a wonder.

S. *Rafe.* Iſt not enough to ſcandall thy true word?
But are we ſlighted thus with fantaſies,
Impoſſibilities, dead and aliue againe,
Manhood infuzd in woman: tis not generous. *Exit.*

Audi. Come ſonne vpon my bleſſing
Take from thy eies thy heart adoring ſhine,
Offer no more thy altar bearing thoughts
To one ſo gyant-like, whoſe reach ſits hie,
Aboue the compaſſe of a gentill eie. *Exit.*

Sir Wil. you haue your anſweres, gallants.

Toures. We like it not.

Fil. Nor will we ſo except it.

S. *Wil.* Fore-warnd come neare my houſe,
Rapes, ſellonies, and what may elſe be thought on,
I will with heauie impoſitions
Surcharge ye with, if not with piſtoll ſhot,
I will defend my ſelfe and theſe I keepe. *Exit.*

Toures. Liue I to heare this?

Fil. Conuay them from him, let vs.

Toures. In diſguiſe.

Filbon. Or not at all.

Toures. That way or none. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iames and Humil.

Humil. Iames, when I put thee from my thought, let me be hudwincht from all, fortune, thy pertaking gentlenes is ſuch, as I doe loue thee, troth I doe.

Iames. God continue this good league.

Humil. Wot'ſt what newes?

Iames. No.

Humil. The louers are expulſt, and my faire hopes ſhine the clearer: what wilt ſay when I doe marrie this Knights eldeſt daughter?

Iames. That you are then poſſeſt.

Humil. She is mine contracted in her fathers word.

Iames. New broken ſir.

Humil. Ha.

Iames. Tis true your mother challeng'd it: but he as angry as the raging morne, whoſe choller breathing ſhakes high battlements, puts her off with a pauſe of contrarie, I know it ſir, her ioynter is ſubſcrib'd too, which elſe to doe, ſooner ſhould earth to heauen preſume a progreſſe, then the grant make firme what the antecedent challenges, your mother vpon this abandons from his bed, vowing bold abſence, he inrag'd, giues way to all maligne and ſtubborne faſhion of contempt, ſuch a cloze to day neuer had practiſe, ſuch a wedding night, till this ſad firſt neuer had purchaſe: you ſhall well agree them ſir, to attone this iarre, vſe meanes I pray you, t'will become ye, well, when wrangling wreſtles with ſuch violent iniurie, tis the ſonnes office.

Humil. Tis the diuels office and not mine, to hell obedience, if he breake his word.

Iames. You had a father loued ye better.

Humil. He loued me as a king in a play his ſeruant, who nere ſeeing him giues kind applauſe, but ſmall vtilitie: my father in my child-hoode loued and left me to the worlds eie, in bold neceſſitie, I thanke him for it, ſince he di'de my mother hath her chance, mine wants the proofe, ſtand by times minion and inconſtancie. oh.

Iames.

Iames. Haue patience.

Hum. Yes, whereunto? ſith all my hopes ly leuell
With deſpaire, ſuch milk-ſops in whoſe breaſts,
Lingers a lagging hope, to thē is patience ſufferable;
But to me, horror, and hels black motions tickles
Me on to miſchiefe, and I will------ *Exit.*

Iames. So.
Now ſwims vpon the maine, ſuch ſhipwrack-ſoules,
As the windes rage ſplits on the rocks of danger.
I, my wife, and ſonne all three, now heaue, and
Feare of ſinking, makes vs timorous.
Should we be ſheluing on the ſhallow beach,
The ſeas rough guſts might ſcatter our intents,
So idle purchaſe might be gathered vp,
from our ſo ſodaine ſhipwrack: No my ſtate
Stands yet ſecure: though maim'd yet is not foil'd:
But ſalu'd by wiſe occaſion may make good
This ſodaine ouerflow of tide and flood.
Exit.

Enter Iohn i'th hoſpitall, and a blew-coat boy with him.

Boy. Iohn. Where had'ſt this bread and butter?

Ioh. The crow did giue it me.

Boy. But take heede the kite tak't not from thee.

Ioh. I'le choake firſt.

Boy. Iohn ſhal's play at counter-hole i'th cloiſter?

Ioh. I ha nere a counter.

Boy. Ile giue thee one for a point.

Ioh. Do, and i'le play hoſe go downe, O ſir, *Willy* is a good man truly, heer's good cuſtard and capon, and good bread and butter too.

Boy. Now *Iohn*, i'le cry firſt.

Ioh. And i'le cry lagge. I was in hoblies hole.

Boy. I ha won this *Iohn*, now for another.

Ioh. I'le hate againe will I will ô.

Nurſe. What's the matter, making my ſweet lambe cry?

Come *Iohn* we muſt to London, on with your cleane mucken-der, and take leaue of ſir *William* and his Lady. Gods me your point, where is it *Iohn*?

Iohn. The crow has it, and did win it at counter hole.

Nurſ. I'le whip ye for it, take him vp, looſe your point lambe, ſie, vp with him ſirha.

Ioh. Good Nurſe now, no more truly ô, ô

Enter watermã.

Ferris. Where's this ſuck-egge, wheres Iack a boy; Come ye moueable matron, wheres this tugegge, away away.

Nurſ. Ile take leaue of S. William and go away. *Exit.*

Fer. Now my *Iohn* iuggler, your noſe is like Lothbery conduit, that alwaies runs waſte.

Boy. Whats his name *Iohn*?

Sternigogilus, ha, ha.

Fer. What?

Boy. A goggle eye, a wanton eye, a madcap, ſo a meanes.

Fer. Wat? *VVat.* Hollo.

Fer. Trim boat, turne head, we're at hand muſchrumpe, We come boy, we come. *Enter Nurſe.*

Nurſ. Come *Iohn*, our leaue is taken.

Iohn. Haue ore the ſea to florida, and was not good King *Salomon*, Tom Tyler. *ſing*

Fer. O well ſung Nightingale, a boord a boord there, ha rip there.

Enter Toures in a tawny coate like a tinker, and his boy with budget and ſtaffe, Toures tincks vpon his pan drinking.

Tour. Boy, you vnderſtand me, though the liquor haue renſt me, remember your buſineſſe boy.

Boy. Yes maſter.

Tou. Tis rare to be a tinker boy, worke inough, wench inough, and drinke inough, is't not boy?

I Maiſter.

Toures.

Tour. Boy where ſhal's haue doings, Ile clout any woman's cauldren, boy.

Boy. Maſter, tincke on tis time, for we ha nere a penny.

Tour. Pawne budget boy, Ile ring in boy, haye any worke for a tinker, a ti, ti, tinker.

Enter Madge.

Madge. By my maiden-head tis hee, the merry tinker of Twitnam, boy, is't not?

Boy. Yes flowre it'h frying pan, he ſtops holes well. tis he,

Madge. Has his old ſongs ſtill, has he not?

Boy. Yes, and new to boote.

Madge. And be not theſe tinkers knaues? vpon their backs they beare a long picke, with a ſtaffe it'h end,
He ſhall ha worke, Ile breake way for him, and
Call out the gentlewoman to heare him ſing.

Boy. Let them all ſay what they can dainty come thou to me. We ſhall ha worke maiſter.

Tour. Draw boy, *homo armatus*, boy, Ile pepper your pans, Where's my dogge boy?

Enter S. William Humil, Lady Mary, Tabitha.

Boy. your Dame has him, and will meete you at Putney.

Humil. Indeede whats a tinker with out's wench, ſtaffe and dogge.

Lady. Is this the tinker you talke on?

Hum. I madame of Twitnam, I haue ſeene him licke out burning fire brands with's tongue, drinke two penſe from the bottome of a full pottle of ale, fight with a Maſty, & ſtroke his muſtachoes with his bloody bitte fiſt, and ſing as merrily as the ſobrieſt Quereſter.

Madge. Come tinker, ſtop, mend.

Tour. Ile tickle your holes.

S *Wil.* Hee's out of tune for ſinging now.

Tour. Out of tune and temper too, thus can dainty liquor do. Sing boy.

Boy, Reliſh maiſter, reliſh, a note aboue *eta* maiſter, Sol. fa, me, re.

Tour.

Toues *ſinges.*

A maiden ſitting all alone,
Vnto her ſelfe ſhe made great mone,
Sorrow ſet vpon her cheeke,
And ſhe look't greene as any leeke:
Her friends did aske her cauſe of care,
But ſhe cri'd out in her deſpaire.
O ſtone, ſtone ne ra, ſtone na ne ra, ſtone.

Tabit. Cold comfort in a ſtone.

Tou. Docters came her pulſe to feele,
And Surgions with their tooles of ſteele,
To dig, to delue, to find her paine,
But all they didit was in vaine,
Still on her back this maiden lies,
And with an open throat ſhe cries.
O ſtone, ſtone na ne ra, ſtone ne na ne ra ſtone.

Tabit. Better and better by my ſlipper.

Tou. Old wiues they made anſwere thus,
Greene ſickneſs was moſt dangerous.
And oate-meale eating is a food,
That neuer yet did maiden good.
Tut, tut, tut, tis nothing ſo,
Still ſhe cri'd out with paine and wo.
O ſtone, ſtone ne na ne ra, ſtone ne na ne ra, ſtone
Till ſhe was deliuered of a chopping boy, and all was as I am, *Omne bene.*

S. *Wil.* What a disfiguring diet, drunkennes
Layes vpon man, a beaſtly appetite?
Lingers the body where ſuch glutnous meanes,
Swelters in ſurfet of deſire and eaſe.
I am an enemy to my ſelfe, to thinke,
That man is ſlaue ſo to continuall drinke.

Tou. Knight, feaſt, knight, a good celler keeper knight.
I'le cuſſe thy daughter knight.

Mary. Howes that?

Tour. Shals not buſſe knight, ſhals not neb?

S. *Wil.*

S. Wil. Thou art in the ſtraits *Moll*, and the pirots ſhot will ſincke thee, therefore yeeld.

Toures. I am thy *Toures*, being thus diſguiſd, am come to ſteale thee, then be ſodaine *Moll*.

Marie. Nay then y'faith. *Exit.*

Toures. Knight ſhals drinke at dore like beggers? no, ile in knight ſee thy ſeller, is thy ſeller in dept, knight dare he not ſhow his face? your black iacks are my elder brothers, knight, ſhals not ſhake hands with our brothers knight?

Exit reeling.

S. Wil. Follow him, looke he ſteale nothing.

Madge. Tinckers ſteale nought but drinke & maidenheads, Ile watch him for one, if you allow loſſe of the other.

Sir. Wil. Wheres *Tutch?* *Enter Tutch.*

Tutch. Sir.

S. Wil. Who waite you on?

Tutch. On the world ſir.

S. Wil. And what ſaies the world to ye?

Giue her the letter as ſhe talkes.

Tutch, To me ſir.

S. Wil. To you ſir, what a meſſage? letters, ha, daughter il'e be your ſecretary, nay hide not, iuggle not with me, ile once be ſecret to your thoughts, y'faith I will.

Tabitha. Tis a carde of lace ſir, which he bought me.

Tutch. I bone-lace ſir.

S. Wil. Bone-lace ſubſcrib'd too like a letter, lace weau'd of ten bones, iſt ſo? euen ſo.

O *Tutch.*

Tutch. O miſtres now am I tri'd on my owne tutch,
I am true mettall one way, but counterfeit an other:
O life no life, but meſſe of publicke wrong,
Day turne to night, for I ha liu'd too long.

Tabitha. From *Filbon.*

Tutch. Yes from *Filbon*, woe to the day, time, and hower.

Tabi. Wherefore.

Tutch. That I brought this newes from your louer therefore.

S. Wil. Pull off your coate.

Tutch. I neede not ſir, tis ready to fall off, yet if I doe, tis the time of yeare, the fall of leaſe ſir, and ſeruingmen do drop their coates, there ſir. *He puls it off.*

S. Wil. Begone, come no more neare my houſe, if thou do thou art a fellone, are you the carrier, are ye indeede, muſt loue make you his mercurie, muſt *Filbon* ſend by you? my owne betray my owne, to him, your a knaue, they ſhuffle ye about, ile deale the cards and cut ye from the decke, you vnderſtand me, go.

Tutch. Gang is the word, and hang is the worſt, wee are euen, I owe you no ſeruice, and you owe me no wages, ſhort tale to make, the ſommers daie is long, the winter nights be ſhort, and brickill beds dos hide our heds, as ſpittell fields report. *Exit Clowne.*

S. *Wil.* Wife coope vp our ginnie henne, that wants this treading, you goſſip, to your cloſſet, *Filbon* ſhall, if we want will, yes yes what elſe.

Lady. Come daughter.

Tabitha. I denie *Filbon* to his face, bring me to him, I will iuſtifie that all his actions are like apricocks, they dangle & loue them.

S. *Wil.* You doe. *Enter Madge.*

Madge. Alas ſir, miſtres *Marie* is with the Tincker gone, and at the backe dore horſt, I ſee the gelding, twas a dapple. gray.

Humil. Hell and damnation. *Exit Humil.*

Sir Wil. Death and torture.

Ta. Chriſtmas gambuls, father, ſhooing the wilde mare.

S. *Wil.* Am I a ieſt to laugh at now, indeede, indeede,

Enter Humil after the boy.

Humil. O not ſo faſt ſir, I am for your race, and will out ſtrip ye, if ye run no faſter, ſpeake what was this tincker?

Boy. Tincker ſir.

Humil.

Humil. I, thy maſter.

Boy. My maſter is a knight, who *Ioue*-like in the ſhape of ſuch a thing, came to ſee *Daunie* in this ſhoure of gold.

S. Wil. *Toures* was it?

Boy. *Etiam, ita, ego* I ſir.

Tabitha. Now fortune at the faireſt, go with thee, thou haſt beene comming in this ſtratagem, and I doe giue thee ioy with all my heart.

S. Wil. You doe huſwife.

Tabitha. Wiſhing a whirle-winde in the like diſguiſe. Fetch me hence ſmoothly, I am lawfull price.

Sir Wil. Wheres *Iames*?

Lady. At London.

Sir Wil. I will thither too, ſince the diuell driues I am the ſecond, lock her vp, ſafe be it your charge.

Exeunt ambo.

Humil. What for this counſellor, concealing rape and ruine of your childe?

Sir Wil. Whip him.

Boy. I ſhall neuer indure it.

Sir Wil. Vnleſſe you doe betray this truſt, and tell vs to what cabbinet he hath conducted her.

Boy. To Putney, ô to Putney ſir, where theile be married.

S. Wil. At my parſonage, God amen, no other hoſpitall to ſhadowe them but mine, am I the patron of ſo hard miſchance, that my owne of my owne ſhall coſin me, ile thether, ſonne your company?

Humil. No, ile to Richmond ſir, preuent them there.

S. Wil. No ſir, you ſhall with me, thats the next office, for your ſelfe, delaying due, in other all things ready, you will then ſerue your ſelfe, nor he nor you ſhall carue ſo to your appetites.

Humil. Your pleaſure ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Filbon and Tutch.

Filbon. For my ſake turn'd away.

Tutch. Yes, my maſter turnes a new leaſe, and ſo muſt I ſir, twas for your letters ſake.

Filbon. Is there no hope?

Tutch. What doe you call it when the ball ſir hits the ſtoole?

Filbon. Why out.

Tutch. Euen ſo am I, out, out of all hope euer to come in to crum my porrage at his table ſir.

Filbon. Welcome to mine, then honeſt *Tutch*, but ſpeake thy minde, thinkeſt thou ſhe will continue firme?

Tutch. Firme ſir, yes, vnles you take her for a ioyne ſtoole, ſheele continue firme, ſhe feedes on ye, dreames on yee, hopes on ye, and relies on ye, telling her father what a friend you are, proteſting and moleſting to the hole houſe of your good parts, vowing to God and man if ſhe haue not you, ſhe will haue nothing: for any mans pleaſure, ſheele not liue if not for yours.

Filbon. I ſtand reſolu'd.

Tutch. She wiſhes that ye ſhould, or ſheele not truſt to ye.

Enter ſir Rafe and Filbon.

Sir Rafe. Sonne ſeeſt thou yong *Toures?*

Filbon. Not ſince our laſt repulſe in loue, ſince when I ſtand affected vnto ſinglenes of life.

S. Rafe. Then art thou ſtable in my thoughts, but let me whiſper to thee boy, young *Toures* in a Tinckers habit hath her ſtolne, to whom his heartie adorations were to this houre conſecrate, ſhees gone, and her old doting father got to complaine him at the court, how twill worke I know not.

Tutch. Like wax, ſheele take any impreſſion, ſir ſhe.

Filbon. Like a tincker ſay ye?

S. Rafe. Certainly euen ſo.

Filbon. Twas my owne proiect father, hee applauded it, knowing my faſhion of that counterfeit, to be ſo ſure, as no man could forgoe me.

Tutch. But himſelfe ſir, tis a point of law, arraigne him vpon *ipſe facto*.

Filbon.

Filb. And art thou ſlept beyond me? where to night thou ſlepſt: ſoft be thy pillow: eaſie be thy reſt, & may thy bed be.

Song.

Tutch. *Mortall downe, thiſtle ſoft,*
She laid her ſelfe vnder to keep him aloft,
And euer ſhe ſaid, come turne thee to me,
And was not this bonny laſſe Mary Ambre?

Enter Auditor, and doth whiſper with Sir Rafe.

Filb. *Mary* indeede ſhe hath reſign'd to me hard choyce,
Neare am I but as arrowes a farre of,
Seemes to the ſhooter neighbor to the marke,
Till it proue otherwiſe, ſo I
Furtheſt from fauour am, though ſeeming nie.

Tutch. Change your marke, ſhoot at a white, wil ſay, come ſticke me in the clout ſir, her white is black, tis crept into her eye, and wenches with black eyes the white's turnd vp are but as cuſtards, though they ſeeme ſtone cold, yet greedily attempted, burning hot, and ſuch a wench is ſhe ſir.

Filb. I know ſhe loues me.

Tutch. Moſt affectionately burnes in deſire for ye, but key cold through her father, ſhe ſtands to freeze while others are appointed to thaw the Ice, not you.

Filb. I muſt vſe pollicie.

Tutch. The onely man, I will aſſiſt you ſir,

Filb. I thanke thee, and I will preuaile in't.

Audit. I thinke ſir, if I ſee my houſe to night, there will come warrants to make open way to their recouery, thinking they are with me, whom I proteſt I haue not ſeene, and vnacquainted with her ſubtill ſtealth, am now as cleare as is the babe new borne, I neither knew of it, nor where they are, I do beſhrow their hearts, right I haue in him for it.

S. Rafe. ſleepe in my houſe then, ſo my word ſhall make your anſwere ſtronger, I haue a ſonne, I wiſh him to poſſeſſ, but not with violence, yet ſay he doe clim be high, and reatch the top bough with a ſtricter courſe, I knowing not the manner nor the meanes, acquites me, and God giue,

them ioy, my oath is cleere, and that's my warrant.

Audit. Sir, I will trouble you to nigh, by this ſad time his mone doth challenge comfort, and the councell whoſe loues he hath ſo often viſited, heartned on by the Earle of Tumults meanes, they will adde preſent purpoſe as he begges it.

S. *Raſe*. but if the Earle know of my ſons diſcharge, ſign'd by his careleſſe anſwere, t'would allay his hot endeuours with a cold reſponſall; but ceaſe that, the time ſhall come ——

Filb. Tis mine, the cauſe and all, pine let mee in them, if the ſonne of hope ſhine as a troubled meatuare in the sky; tis our fates fortune, and no matter cauſe no remedy.

Aud. True vantings of reſolue, tis late, and cuſtome challenges no right in me, to be ſo hurtfull to my ſelfe, the euenings aire is rawe and cold.

S. Raf. *Filbon* follow vs, be you more temperate.
You ſee what hurry threatnings this miſdeede
Wounds deepe are dangerous, though they hardly bleed.

Filb. Sir, I am leſſond,

Tutch. As the boyes at ſchoole?
Practiſe their knowledge by contrary rule. *Exeunt*.

Enter Humil ſadly.

Hum. O I am ſlaine with wonder.
Hath this life left in it a little breath,
To blow out treaſon, reeke yee cloudes of ſhame,
Putrifie all imagination, hold her at ſtearne,
There let her ſinke, neuer to win againe,
Homers recouery, ſhall I ſay and thinke it?
O ——
Haue I not beene in bed to night, and ſo
Talke idly wanting ſleepe, or roſe from reſt,
As many troubled doe, acting like life,
Awaking dead, for in that flattering feare,
Perchaunce her reputation may be ſaued.
No I am certaine in my feare, tis true,
In yond black cloſſet lies a wicked woman,
(I will not ſay my mother, that names loſt)

In

In the twind brazings of the ſlaue her man.
In *Iames* his armes, and ſhall I ſuffer it?
O-----
To blab, it were to harould out my ſhame,
In quarter'd ſcutchin of black obloquie,
To murder one were moſt imparciall;
Againe to turne hilles on this ſinne,
Would write me baude, but to be nobly ſatisfide
Is a content licenc'd from equity.
The knight ſhall know it, I will write to him,
Startle his bold imagination with pale feare,
Roſe his reuengefull ſpirit on them both,
And make me hopefull of his loue neglected,
Forgiue me world, heauens iuſtice puts me on,
And though a ſonne, Ile puniſh both or none. *Exit.*

Enter Earle, and Lord, and Sir VVilliam, the Lords, and ſir VVilliams two men bearing torches.

Earle You that binde vp in ſecretes of the night,
Dayes benefites going to reſt;
As peacefull birds, lodg'd in a ſanctuary.
Smile at our Courtiers care, whoſe induſtry,
Rules in the ſilent and all ſhadowing night,
Suites that are breathles in a troubled day.
Haue their abiding in our cares at night.
Hard cenſur'd, and atton'd by late aduice,
Saluing the worlds ſcares, as we would your care
Knew we the burthen of it.

Lo. With vs the morn is mated with the moone
And we are retrograde to what you doe.
Eſteeming conſcience, benefite and good.
Challeng'd in ſeruice of our country:
Sir though our blood affirme vs labour free,
It bindes thee more to buſie induſtry,
Wonder not at our late vpſitting therefore.

S. Vil. Your humors toile in our extremities,
But we vnthankfull merit contrary,

Thinke

Thinke it a want and weakneſſe in our kind,
I poſte and labour in a toile my ſelfe,
Seeking my owne: midnight to me is noone,
And all the houres of dull paſt night,
Sun-ſhine eclipſes, that do much moleſt me,
Pardon me that am ſo tedious.

Earle. Seeking your owne.

S. *Wil.* My eldeſt daughter is conuei'd from me,
Hurri'd away, as theeues by violence
Conuey their booties from the true mans ſtore.
Auditor, Toures ſonne hath done this deede,
A reſcue noble Lords.

Ear. Reſcue and right, challeng the benefite.

S. *Wil.* A warrant for a generall ſearch,
Reſtraints for Cinck-ports, and all paſſages,
That theeuiſh water doth diſpoile vs of.

Ear. It ſhall be ſign'd i'th morning,
Draw the contents as you affect the meanes,
And let attendance vrge the early act.

Lord. Good night.

Ear. God morrow is it not?

S. *Wil.* Betwixt them both.
The morall of my miſery ſeeking too late,
That to recouer which I loſt too ſoone.

Lord. And yet in each you ſtand indifferent.

S. *Wil.* I muſt, till perfected by you,
Either late loſſe, or timely victory,
Recouering what I feare is paſt aduantage.

Ear. Hope the beſt ſir, things at worſt,
Seaſon in their decay, as children mend,
Bent in their eye to ruine, yet they pauſe
Reſting in grace, does reobtaine at will,
Opinion in raſh iudgement, dooming ill.

Lord. Good reſt, for we go too't.

S. *Wil.* The peace of happineſſe be with ye,
I will retire me to my Inne, and wiſh,

Howres as ſhort as momentary breath,
For till the morning, minutes howres be,
And howres yeares, ſuch is reuengd to me,
Might I enioy it?

Man. Sir,

Sir Wil. My man, a midnight meſſenger, what is thy haſte in leathe ſleept, ſpeake is that all one? one all, that we call daughter, gone too, is ſhe?

Man. No ſir.

S. Wil. Wherefore ſtareſt thou ſo wildly, ſay, weart thou aſleepe and wakened? com'ſt to vs here without thy better part? and ſent abroad, leauing thy wits at home.

Man. Your ſonne ſir, in all haſte ſends you his talles, wiſhes your wit and iudgement ſodainely, read and regard ſir.

S. Wil. Giue the torch, if you wil ſee my mother & your wife, fellow'd in bed make haſte, *Iames* your man writes on your pillow &c. my eies are witneſſes to their adulterie.

Seruant. Whats the newes?

Man. Plague on theſe iauntings, once we ſhall be old, & then this trotting life will linger in our bones, all howres are our nights, we dally with our owne deſtruction.

S. Wil. It cannot be, or if, or if, what if? if it be ſo I am vndone, poiſon'd am I with faire promiſes, no maruell tho you doe forſweare my bed, if yet againe, if what make I here whē treaſon is at home, away.

Enter yong Humil.

Humil. The bird that greets the dawning of the daie,
Signes with his wings, the midnights parture,
And the ſleetie deaw moiſtning the cheekes
Of morrowes welcome: giues earneſt of the morne:
Yet all ſecure, adulterate luſt dos ſleepe,
And I the hatcht yong of this troden henne,
Stands Centinell to her idolatrie.
Blow you ſweld windes and crack the battlements,
Rouſe their inceſtious luxurie with feare
Of whats to come, yet that were my miſhap,

No ſilent aire fan on them bawdie breath,
That as they reeke in their licentious loue,
Diuell may ſeale ſure, and Morpheus ſo pleaſ'd,
May to their paſtime adde affliction
Deliuer'd by the hand of him thats wrongd,
And ſtands indebted to his deſteny:
Yet are they as the hower, whoſe ſandy minutes
Runs out at pleaſure till the period comes,
Faſt ſleeping, and enioy their quiet,
Rouſe the blacke miſchiefe from thy ebben cell,
Land in the boſomes of this twin in luſt,
Him whoſe heapt-wrong calles vengeance to be iuſt.

S. Wil. Locke faſt that dore and leaue me. Giue me your light, Sonne *Humil?*

Humil. Father. *Enter ſir William and his men.*

S. *Wil.* Thou ſeeſt I am obedient at thy call, *Exit ſeruants.*
I come as meſſengers that bring their bale,
Sign'd in their lookes, be well aduiſ'd,
Thou makeſt a chalenge goes beyond all grace,
Should it be falſe.

Humil. It is my loue to you that makes me ſtep
Heart-deepe in diſobedience to my mother.
Wretch that I am to thinke her ſo,
It makes me deſperat of prioritie,
Forethinking my beginning to be bace,
Conceau'd in ſuch miſtruſt and frailty,
My front hath that impreſſion ſtill,
Adding a bluſh to my diſtemperature,
And I am creſt-falne in ſanguinitie,
Pray ye beleeue me, would it were not ſo.

S. *Wil* Enough watch & be ſecret, I will enter,
Sit as the night rauen or the ſkreeking owle,
Ouer my portall, menaſing ill chance
To all within: for death is to my blood
A bleſſing, while this feuor killes,
Almoſt my intellect or better part,

Ye

Yet ſhees thy mother, and no ſonne but hates
His owne diſgrace ſo highly merrited,
And I beleeue thee.

Hu. Sir, trueth is trueth, my conſcience and religion
Bindes vp in me, and ſince I doe proclaime
Detraction from my blood, by her miſdeede,
Giue me leaue to report a flye a flye,
If it offend the vertue of mine eie.

S. Wil. Tis true.
And yet me thinkes it ſhould not be,
How hardlie will this ſcandall take impreſſion,
Where reſolu'd chriſtianity dos dwell?
But I will trie the gold, perhaps tis baſe,
Who knowes the hearts affection by the face. *Exit.*

Humil. Scarlet is ſcarlet, and her ſin blood red,
Wil not be waſht hence with a ſea of water,
Is this my hand, or is the fire fire?
whoſe ſcorching heate diſſolues reletting mettall,
When as it tries the ſubſtance; yes, and I
Make knowne my mother is an alien,
From my blood, ſo to fall off, and periſh
Euen in her pride of bliſſe, damn'd be the ſlaue
That ſo attempts her ſpotleſſe chaſtitie
To ruine, I know that yet ſmooth looke,
Plotted, contriu'd, and woon her with deuiſe,
She neuer knew a double character till now,
But ſingle ſingler ſhe euer rulde,
Euen modeſty her ſelfe, *Veſta* reſignd to her,
And vertue hand in hand at barly-breake,
Ran the ſwift courſe, none but a hound of hell,
Hunted this fawne of fortune to his kennell,
But my mother, forgetting her degree,
Dos captiuate loue, life and liberty,
By one deedes practiſe, wicked, nay farre worſe,
Fatall diſgrace, honours created courſe.

S. Wil. Foole, foole, foole. *Enter* S. *Wil.* *Humil.* Ha.

S. *Wil.* Light bubble ſwell and breake, would'ſt thou beleeue all this, and giue a gloſſe to ſlaunders crueltie ripening reproch it ſelfe with thy fond eare, o *Humil, Humil.*

Humil. Sir.

S. *Wil.* Thou art a villaine, and haſt caſt vp hilles againſt heauen it ſelfe: when ſonnes vnto their mothers are ſo falſe, O where is grace? hudwinckt from honour, ſham'd to ſhew her face.

Humil. Is it not ſo?

S. *Wil.* Truſt thy owne eies, go, thou ſhalt ſee a ſight
Will melt thy ſtubborne ſpleene in pittie,
Sweetely ſhe ſleepes, whoſe innocent reſpect
Smiles in her dreames, the childlike gouerne,
Laughing lowd in their ſimplicitie,
While waking, miſchiefe ſeekes that to vndoe,
Which true requir'd, ſtands centinell vnto,
Goe and returne with ſhame.

Humil. With ſhame, diuell of miſchance whats this?
Did I not ſee their cutted guilt looke big?
Was I in traunce of my beleefe, ha, was I?
Can be no iugling in it: can there? *Exit.*

S. *Wil.* No thou art conſtant as the northren ſtarre,
And I as giddy as the vntam'd Leopard,
That ſees no meanes but dire deſtruction,
Flinging his foame to poiſon in his waie
Mans miſchiefe, plotted to his ouerthrow:
He to'd me true, o that I liue to thinke ſo,
Or they ſo wretched to deſerue the thought,
Soundly they ſlept, whoſe ſlũbers ki'd me waking.
Yet to recouer halfe ſlaine reputation,
Done haue I, what to purpoſe practiſeth
If it preuaile, our honour ſo reſcru'd
Will kicke at all malignant crueltie
That taints our name with euer liuing skorne,
Fortune be for me, I will that recouer
Which diuell him ſelfe cries guilty too, my fame

The

The flight it wings, imps feathers of renowne,
That left al's loſt, my birth-right tumbles downe,

Enter Humil amazed.

Humil. Sir I am ſorry.

S. *Wil.* How can they excuſe ſuch wanton looſeneſſe, know they I ſtand here to thunder vengeance on their luxury.

Humil. My mother's faſt aſleepe, and I awake, am in a tranſiue maze, vnwitting how to make my peace with God her ſelfe and you.

S. *Vvil.* why are they not together?

Humil. Not in bed.

S. *Vvil.* Thou ſhould'ſt with *Argos* hundred eyes,
Search in the chinkes and corners round about,
It cannot be but ſhe is extant there, ha, is ſhe not?

Hum. I am confounded in the ſearch, pleaſe your iuſtice be my torture, I haue murdered innocence, ſorrow is not the way, death is the leaſt, I challenge cruelty and vrge the exacteſt point of perill, ſlaue that I am to liue.

S. *Wil.* A ſonne, a ſonne, to do ſo to a mother.

Humil. Fare ye well, rather then be a witnes of my wrong,
I will not ſee my ſelfe in't, go thou worſe then,
Ile ſacrifice to the diuill, that tempted thee, all thy
Diſtempered thoughts, cry mercy to her ſectes.
To ſpotleſſe innocence be free, ſay all thy treaſons,
Build on ſlippery ice, and thou art frozen cruelty,
Sir, for your wrongs, if you remit black torture, tis
My hell, and I appeale to ſterne rigor, O you ſonnes,
Whoſe true obedience ſhines in maieſty.
While mine more vgly then is vulcans tithye.
Smels ranker then deſpiſed Hemlocke
Curſe and ban him, I am your ſubiect to't
And euery mother, whoſe ſnow innocence,
Feeles ſoft and tender, as the downe on palme,
Rate my rebellion with a bliſſeles name,
And for my ſake giue miſaduenture aime.

Guide 'hem to me, ſay I am ſuch a ſonne,
Through whom a mother is ſo ſoone vndoone,
S Wil. Let me not ſee the while thou liu'ſt away,
Let thy repentance ſhew it ſelfe in this,
Not to be ſeene where thou haſt done amiſſe.
Catiue depart.
Hum. I will, this tongue that ſlandered,
S Wil. Be her ſlaunder ſtill.
Hum. It is too much already, was I bewitcht,
That thus at hud-man blind I dallied
With her I honor'd? O you times how haue you
Nurſt me, but no more, *Humil* hath branded on his
Mothers name, an Æthyops blackneſſe, and
A ſpotted ſtaine, forgiue me that and all. *Exit.*
S Wil. What need I to afflict reuenge on him
That on himſelfe exaſperates, farewell thou pride
Of ſonnes, who to a father in ſuppoſition onely and
By law, art all ſo louing, that thy mother dalling
With wātones as girles with gauds, thou not reſpectes
The womb that brought thee forth, but ill attempting
So, and ſo thou rumorſt, as the fault ripe in act,
Is blowne to aire, and though her ſonne thou
Vtter'ſt what they were, thou ſhalt not looſe by't.
Now it fits, I challenge from the offence ſome right,
And adde confine to this adultery
Wife, wife, riſe and come forth.
Enter Lady, in her night gowne, and night attire.
Lady. Call ye ſir?
S Wil. Yes, take my cloſſet key, let forth your louer,
Giue me ſome eaſe by way of reaſon yet, and t'will
Allay our diſcontent, O God ſo new to marriage, and
So ſtale, couldſt thou ſo ſoone reuolt, ſo ſoone, ha?
Enter Iames vnready, in his night-cap, garterles with the Lady.
Iames. I muſt acknowledg all.
Lady. O No, ſome better looze,

This

This will but adde to miſchiefe torture
Vſe patience now be reconcil'd to feare,
Be doue-like humble, and leaue that to me.
Iame. How can I, when the brand is on my brow,
But by exclaime, giue eaſe to torture,
My braine is ſcar'd, and I am liueles in't?
S *Wil.* Kneele not.
Ambo. A ſentence, let vs dy.
S *Wil.* No maruel though you vow this abſtinence
When deputed by him, you ſhunne my bed,
You do deſerue your iointer well,
To admit a fellow in a true mans place,
I thanke ye for it, yes. *Lady.* Sir.
S *Wil.* No, no words I know you can alleadge,
The diuell has ſcripture for his damned ill,
And this dos neighbor it, go and attire ye.
Be ſmilefull, and expreſſe no griefe in ſithes,
Rather be tickling ſportfull, topt in pleaſure.
Then daunted any way, that me concernes.
To vſe the mad-mans guiſe, but I am paſt it,
Since what is done, no reference hath to wiſh,
I am for credit ſake, ſupportable, al's well,
Content am I to be ſenſeable, and feele my
Fortunes as I may, ranking my ſelfe with ſuch,
As ſometime liu'd in my repute moſt baſe,
Faith all is well beleeue it, I am ſatisfied:
I know you do repent, and that's my remedy,
Other amends I looke not for, In, and attire ye,
But ſtay you with me.
Lady. I am obedient. *Exit Lady.*
S *Wil.* Go thou ſhame, neuer till now poſſeſt,
And in a breath confounded, ſir, you ſee your wrongs
Shine through the horne, as candles in the eue,
To light out others, thinke you this miſdeede,
Merits ſaluation?
Iames. I muſt acknowledge contrary.

Wilt

S. *Wil.* Wilt thou for all this ſpight, yet vſe me kindly in the next?

Iames. Command me ſir.

S. *Wil.* Not for the ſecond, this miſtake me not,
Rather to binde thee from it, if hereafter,
Faſhion of frailty ſummon vs to feare
I muſt be plaine, and therfore thus:
Looke when ſoeuer I hold vp this finger,
Signing my lippes with it, and cry begone,
Euen then be ſpeedy to depart the land.
If not, all power of miſchiefe that I can, I will
and ſo reſolue.

Iames. Sir, I am ready to the minute.

S. Wil. It may be, other reaſons wil reſtraine me
As cauſeleſſe motiues, not ſeeing guiltineſſe.
In needy ſequences perhaps our heart will in it ſelfe take truce with this miſchaunce, or if it doe not, yet attend our ſpleene, it wil be better for ye.

Iames. In humble duty.

S. *Wil.* Goe, giue coppies of good counrenance to our friends, thinke all is well, for ſo it is, I that am all in griefe, am all in ſuffering, I forgiue the reaſon, Fare ye well. *Exit.*
What I will do, is bar'd vp in this cloſet,
The key that opens it, is my reuenge.
Turn'd by a hand whoſe palme dos itch with fire
Til al conſume, a cuckold, cuckold *William*, ſir is
Its euen ſo, would I were yet the laſt or leaſt,
But not by thouſands go too then, am I all alone, in this
Who is't that tongue calles man
That is aſſured of his wiues conditions?
None, or if any, there the *Phœnix* liues
Vnfellow'd, be his fate renown'd while mine
Is mockery, and a Ieſtiue ſtock, to all that knowes me.
O you ſtarres blaze fire, till this abuſe be quench'd
By my deſire. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Tutch like a welch knight, and Filbon as a ſeruant waiting.

Tutch. Harke ye Morris.

Filbon. I Sir.

Tutch. Where is Tailer? dudge me, will knog his pad,
What is chirken with cold button done, ſay you.

Filbon. Excellent, this is welch indeede, O my honeſt *Tutch.*

Sauſe box, rowly powly, am I not your maſter?

Filbon. You are ſir, pray ye pardon me.

Tutch. You muſt haue your left eie Diameter wiſe,
Fixt on my right heele, and all the offices,
A ſeruant owes in dutie to his Maſter, performe
As naturally as if the fortie ſhilling time
Were come, leſt I leaue talking welch, and crack your pate in Engliſh.

Filbon. I ſhall obey ſir.

Enter M. Auditor in a Marchants habite, with Tabitha.

Auditor. Faireſt of beauties, loue her ſeemely ſelfe,
For thy two eies are *Cupids*, which doe ſhoote
From thy inamor'd bow, ſhafts all of gold,
Headed with mettall of immortall proofe.
In thy faire boſome liues two hearts relenting,
Thine penetrable, through attoning pittie,
Mine longing by deſire to ſcale the fort
Of loues faire preſence, make me happie,
Signe to my ſute, but ye, for tis thy cenſure
Makes me thus bold, pronounce faire iudgement,
Either of life or death, I that plead loue,
Doubly deuoted, challenge from thy dictie
A maiden anſwere, let it come bright fire,
To trie the ſubſtance of my loues reſolue.

Tabitha. Sir, in ſooth and veritie beleeue me,
That I am faire tis credible, but to ſhoote
Arrowes, whoſe heads haue ſuch immortal proofe,
Tis moſt erroneous and falſe, ſtoor your a puritane,

A cittizen Ime ſure, her canuas curran bags,
Stuft with ſweete ſinnomon and cloues,
Good ſir you are deceau'd in me, Ime country plain
Without this nicetie, and do you loue me, yes?
Then craue an anſwere without ceremonie,
Fetcht from proud *Ouid* in his *Arte amandi*.
I doe not like it I.

Tutch. Ples you Latie.

Tabitha. Sir and you, tell me of *Cupids* eies,
ſhot from inamord bowes with hearts relenting, doubly deuoted, and I know not what.

Tutch. Ples you firgen.

Tabitha. No ſir no, giue me plaine curteſie,
Drawing on loues white hand a gloue of warmth,
Not cheuerell, ſtretching to ſuch prophanation,
You ouerthrow loues dietie in this,
And putrifie his altars with bad breath.
I am a dairy huſwife, no ſuch wanton,
So eaſily flatter'd with farre fetcht replies.
Yet I eſteeme this worthleſſe perſon free,
And tho not faire, yet ſomething fortunate.

Tutch. Harg ye now Latie.

Tabitha. Sir cry you mercie.

Tutch. Was a knight, marg you, of Engliſe in Wales, welſe blood, and tis no mock in en to marrie in welſe blood, is it?

Tabitha. Sir all the ſmiles a modeſt maid, can in this kinde make proffer of, are youres, in your faire welcome, blame me not, though his vnkindneſſe made me negligent in your kinde entertaine.

Auditor. Neglect me ſo.

Tabitha. Wiues vnto Citizens are trades-mens daughters,
I am a blood of gentle compoſition,
My minde dos equall it, I muſt be coacht,
Banckqueted euery where, courted abroad,
At home flattered, for my priuate vſe,

I muſt haue fancies, playfellowes, as apes,
Monkies, baboones, muſs, fannes, receits,
Coſtly abilliments of ſeuerall ſuites,
Wil ye giue this? twil breake you ſir,
And crack your credits faire condition, no,
Citizens would, but cannot anſwere ſo.

Tutch. Harg you, marry with her, and God dudge me, all is yours, was a knight haue land, and a great deale of riſhes, wil maintaine you weil, ſay you.

Tabitha. This gentleman or this, before a Citizen, you ſir pardon me I wil ha none.

Auditor. Then whom you wil, call you this modeſtie to be ſo waſpiſh? giuen to ſlight men off with inciuillitie, giue me leaue to remember.

Tabitha. What you pleaſe, all the world except one or two, my eie motes that trouble but my ſight. *Filbon* for me, man elſe but meere illuſion and idolatry, vaine worſhip, images of molten mettall, which to droſſe diſſolud, appeare as nothing to my iudgement, but his worth beyond compare, gentle and ſuffring as the ſilent aire, that tho it brooke the buffets of baſe breath, yet in it ſelfe tis heauenly, free from earth.

Tutch. Harg you, was knight in houſe cald *Sir William Perger.* *Tabitha. Verger* ſir?

Tutch. Morris was ſay true, giue a ducket, looke you tucke it, is marke, marke you that, and marke is 13 ſhillings foure pence, good currans money, and how doe you? well, whan was ſir *Robert Morgan*, mik you latie, grace a God.

Auditor. You ſir.

Tutch. Was I lye pray you?

Enter Sir William, ſir Rafe, Henry, a Prieſt of Putney.

S. Wil. Thinke you Maſter *Auditor*, knew nothing ſir.

Sir Rafe. Vpon my ſoule I thinke it.
I did winde him ſubtilly as hounds the game,

New got on foote, for inſtance he lamented of his ſonnes proceedings, neglecting his owne houſe, leſt you in queſt of her ſhould ſearch it, beleeue me ſir I tell you what I know.

S. Wil. Tis likely, ſonnes in theſe doting daies
Wil from their fathers alienate, differ ſtil
From loues obedience, and in hearts affection,
Ioyne hand to hād, though beggery neighbor it,
And let them go.

Henry. Sir I am free then from your feare.

S. Wil. I good ſir *Henry* I was wrong informd,
I am your patron in all loue.

Henrie. Long may ye line, ſo ſir I find you gentle,
And a good benefactor to poore ſchollers,
We ha few ſuch, many we rather haue,
That ſell the Church rights, then maintaine them,
And in my next ſtanze, I ſhall tickle them.

S. Wil. Speake conſcience and no more.

Henry. Nay as for that ſir pardon me,
I ſeldome exerciſe without that thought,
What my text leads me to, I wil pronounce,
Mauger the diuel of iudgement.

S. Wil. Soft.

Tutch. Bleſſe you gallant knight, a marchant ſir,
Of London am I, my eſtate ſecure, and ſo it pleaſe you co-uet this faire maid in marriage, nothing elſe.

S. Wil. Know you him *Sir Rafe?*

S. *Rafe.* Not well ſir, but by gueſſe, he is indifferent rich, has broke three times, made his head hoſt by meanes, & that ſay I, as this world ſhapes, is ſecure policie, what think you ſir?

S. *Wil.* I doe not thinke it ſo, though common practiſe finds it furthering ſhifts, doe the diuel reſemble, & banckrout baceneſſe makes good credit tremble, like it not.

Tutc. Pleſe you Aunt, harg you now, knight was loue this firgin, and God wil, muſt make her wife, ſhall be her lacy,

go

go in Wales, great worſhip God willing.

Sir *Wil.* O know this knight, he was created tother day.

S *Raf.* Sir *Rober Morgan*, ô ſir, ſucha one, whoſe reputation reacheth to the beſt, merits a good coniunction, wer't my daughter, ſhe ſhould haue him; ô beware when maieſty ſhines in a mans eſtate.

They long ſtand firme, ſpread wide regenerate
And though baſe borne, yet honour makes them ſwell,
Like cluſterd grapes, till mature ſweetnes brings,
Luſſious concluſion.

S *Wil.* I haue ſome mind to him, ſir you receiue
Kind welcome, let it ſtore your thoughts with
Thoſe ſweet motions louers wiſh to enioy, ſhe may,
perchance, all things concluded on, be for ye.

Tutc. Was a clad man, Morris fetch trunck of parrel
was lye here a foure weeke, will not out now.
Was welcome, plague on you, was loue ye.

S *Wil.* Sir, as for you, being citty proud, my daughters looke
ſits on a Courtiers brow, what ſaiſt my girle?

Tabit. O ſir, a Courtier on my life, I loue to ſit vp late,
Ly long i'th morning, rot with ſweete meates, and
To play at ſhuttle-cock, me thinkes the games now
In my narmes, in any hand a Courtiers wife and
Why not? his black iet ſhewes beſt about
Beauties necke, and I am proude of ſuch
A ſurer, if I vnderſtand not his welche, like
A good peece of ord'nance, I ſhall ly faſt vpon the
Bulwarke, and diſcharge my obedient Engliſh
Muſt be a Lady ſir.

S *Wil.* Yet welcome ſir, let it not grieue you.

Aud. Signior, no, you're welcome to the wife *I* wooe,

Henry. And miſtres, might *I* be the man to ſtrike the ſtroke.

Tabith. You, or elſe none, ſir *Henry*.

S *Wil.* Troth ſhe ſaies true, but liſten me for that, come Gallants enter with me, we will feaſt, theres little labour loſt, where tryall bids preſumption ſcyrre the coaſt.

Henry. Right to a haire, tis mine, and I muſt do't
I ſee my fees, my rich aduantage, ſirha boy,
Shall wee haue worke, in faith and ſhall we? *exit.*

And. Conclude, ile buſie him, Sir *Raſe.*

S. *Raſ.* Sonne, you ſee to what a happy iſſue this diſguiſe
Speakes faire, you know the plots, boldly proceede,
Tis ours in action, but your owne the deede, I muſt
Shunne all ſuſpition by my preſence, looke to't boy.
If thou faileſt now, for euer looſe thy ioy. *exeunt.*

Tutc. Ha, ha, maſter, I a Welchman, a Hangman.

Tab. A tricke now on my maiden-head, I did miſtruſt it,
Come leaue the reſt to me, this Prieſt ſhall marry vs incontinent.

Filb. I, if I were the Welchman.
Becauſe your father gaue him light thereto.
Therefore come ſirha, weele ſhift clothes, meete vs at Putney
as my father ſhall miſtruſt ye.

Sir Raſe. I will, excuſing your departure till anone,

Filb. do gentle loue.
Heauen on our venture ſmiles, this to approue.

Tabit. O it cannot chooſe.
Fathers are fortunate in this good newes.
Go ye drones, ye do not loue the hiue,
Theres hony in't, t s a ſweet thing to winne.

Tutch. I muſt breake the ice for ye, if I ſlippe vp to the chinne, now you will pull me out, ſaue mee from drowning miſtreſſe.

Tabitha. Feare it not. *Exit.*

Tutch. I would bee loath betwixt Welch and Engliſh, to bee hanged, miſtreſſe, I cannot liue on the bargaine, come ſir, Ile ſhift with them, and now I muſt ſhift with you.

Filb. I clothes, good *Tutch.*

Tutch And vſe me no worſe being your man, then I vſed you, being mine.

Filb. O better, better.

Tutc. O loue, thou art a begger, yet I am thy debter. *exeunt.*

Enter

Enter two ſailers with a truncke, wherein is Miſtreſſe Mary in her winding ſheete, others with pick-axe and ſpades, as on the ſands.

Tour. Set downe the heauieſt load
That euer true affection vnderwent,
To you tis like the Anchor of your ſhip,
Heauy at firſt, but eaſily waied ſeemes light,
To me, that not ſupports her bodies waight,
Tis heart deep in the burthen, & too pōderous
Sad, heauy is that load, whoſe leaden poize,
Is as a ſullen ſorrow, too, too preſſing.

Mr. Sir, I would wiſh you to be briefe.

Tour. Dig ho this golden beach, whoſe glittering ſands
Shewes with the ſunne as Dyamonds ſet in gold,
Fitly intombs a iewell of much worth,
Whoſe liuing beauty ſtaind all lapidary.

Mr. She was moſt gentle which was worth all riches.

Tour. And this nights tempeſt did a cruell deede,
To take from me a vallue of ſuch price.

Mr. Sir, though our ſeas kill women with their frownes
vs their bug-beare threates are womaniſh, and ſo we leaue e'm.

Tour. Leauing your ſelfe and all, ſomtime,

Mr. Euen ſo, no ſafer in our beds,
Or on the land, but vnder deaths black ſtroke,
And he that is the ſureſt, ſits in ſtate,
Dyingly tended by the hand of Fate.

Tour. And yet me thinkes death ſhould not
Take her from me, being ſcarce mine owne.
But newly wed, neuer bedded yet.
So that the Ceremony burning bright,
Himen yet hath his tapers flaming red.
And the bold boaſtings of that good mans breath,
That all religiouſly made one of two.
Hardly diſgeſted in the freezing cold,
Little I thought the prieſts word being, euer,
Should find his period in ſo ſhort a time.

Mr.

Mr. Sir, but the gift was giuen ye on condition,
Till death depart, better or worſe,
Me thinkes this Catechizing little needes,
To humane guiding, and to you the leſſe
Knowing what openly you do confeſſe.
Ton. Beare w'e me maiſter, he that pines in griefe,
Liues as you ſailors doe, thinking at ſea,
Euery ſtorme ends, when flattery flouts ye,
So to our loue-ſick ſorrow comes a calme,
By eaſe of fancies, when tis furtheſt,
And many times the weapon that doth wound,
Is ſalue, and Surgeon both, to make all ſound.
Mr. Are ye ready ſir?
Ton. All fitted, let me take my laſt farewel,
I am all gelly in my teares and ſighes,
Waſted by waiting her vntimely loſſe,
So long *I* did conſume in drops of woe,
That contrary *I* laugh to thinke it ſo.
He that weepes much, hauing no teares to ſpend,
Smiles out the reſt, but inwardly does rend,
O God that *I* venturing ſo hard a chaunce,
Should looſe my dice, before my hand be out,
Tis euen ſo, in all things man intends
The loſſe is ours, the winnings not our friends.
Mr. For charity be briefe, ſhould the wind
Turne his beake into the ſoutherne ſide
Our ſhip would leaue vs, dally not with griefe,
Once and no more, let ſorrow rule as chiefe.
Ton. Then thus, and this the laſt,
Moll, *I* take leaue yet on thy herſed ſelfe,
Dead ſelfe, and ſelfe ſlaine, *Moll* deceſt
I am thy morning muſike, call thee vp,
To wedded rights, I leade thee to the Church,
And there receiue thee, dine with thee at noone,
Daunce all the after day, bring thee at night
Into the wedding chamber, this is it.

And here I leaue thee to thy virgen ſlumber,
Neuer attempted, as thy birth beſtowd,
Madam beginning, take it in thy end,
So liue thus die, one my married friend,
And nothing elſe, gone art thou to a power,
Which will with welcomes take thee, left I am
To the worlds croſſe, thy father who inrag'd,
Will bitterly reuenge thy death on me,
But I will proue his martyr, ſe-thee *Moll*,
Foole that I am to ſay ſo, here is all,
Gownes, tire, all abilliments of thine,
No rag ſhall reſt remembrant in my viewe.
To ſtirre the imbers of thy dying fire,
I kiſſe thy key cold corſe, and with this key,
Lock thee for euer vp, farewell, farewell,
My mouth the Church, my voice thy
Parting knell. All eares that liue and heare
This bell to toule, Chriſtian-like bid peace vnto
her ſoule.

Mr. Amen, be ſpeedy mates, ſee ye not, looke
The blewneſſe of yon cloud dos threaten winde,
If it riſe faire, we ſhall be lodgd in France,
But not where pleaſe the fates. Diſpatch.

Within. A board, a board, heie. *a crie within.*

Mr. Hollo, linger no time aboard, you heare
With me ho, will the reſt ſtay? how a yeare?
O God that man ſhould leaue behind,
And liue, the loue of ſoule and minde.

Exeunt, and leaue the pikax and ſpades behinde.

Enter Gouernour and a Gentleman.

Gouernour. Sir welcome to Scillie,
Where I command my brothers friends haue welcome.
But now my flattery gets you on this beach,
Where you proſpectiuely ſee many countries,
Learn this of me, where dãger ſhootes her ſtring,
We in our neighbour neereneſſe ought to feare:

But arm'd by our foreſight, make bold reſiſt
Againſt the brags of forraigne enemies.
Gentle. I haue not ſeene a better glaſſe to looke in,
What country call you yon, whoſe clifes are as the cloudes
ſmoake, and all ſhadowing miſts?
Gouer. Sir that is *France*, a faire beſeeming friend,
On yonder continent ſtands *Ireland*,
On this ſide *Brittaine*, and on that ſide *Garſie*,
Ilands beſides of much hoſtillitie,
Which are as ſun-ſhine, ſometimes ſplendious,
Anon diſpoſed to altering frailtie.
We that all neighbor muſt ſo ſtrēgth our being,
As feareleſſe we may frolicke, yet not ſeeing.
Gentle. I vnderſtand ye ſir.
Gouer. Now let my longing haue content in you,
With the report of them you lately ſaw,
My brother *Vergir* and his children,
Is he a widower ſtill at *More-clacke?*
Gent. Married ſir vnto a London caſt away,
One whoſe decaied husband left to liue,
(Though poorely) yet your brothers Lady.
Gouer. It is his choice, and I ſubſcribd to't,
But for his daughters ſir?
Gen. Alas, in them is he vnhappy,
One is haild from him by ſtolne practiſes,
The other liues as though ſhe were not his,
A goodly gentlewoman, but her owne in heart,
She will be gone to, for her gouernement
Stands vpon will, as men ſtand on the beach,
Seeing the ſea wherein they muſt be dround,
Yet feareleſſe venter on the rutheleſſe maine,
She will regardleſſe of her father, marry,
And dos as moſt, long for the miſerie,
Signd to them in their cradles.
Gouer. Sorry am I.
Ha, what ſcrambled ends heape vp confuſedly?

New digd and ript vp is this plot of ground,
Some Shipwrack on my life, hid to deceiue
The Queene and me of our aduantages.
Gentle. Likely ſir,
And ſee our ſodaine comming ſcar'd from hence,
In the new ending, ſuch as pil'de this heape,
Behinde them haue they left their implements
Which did the theft, what thinke ye ſir if we
Redig the ground, ſhould we depart & leaue it?
At midnight wold they fetch their borrowings.
Gouer. I like your purpoſe, ile make one.
Gentle. What doe you thinke it is ſir?
Gouer. No bodie buried, it is ſure ſome goods,
wrackt on the ſea, money or rich commoditie.
Gentleman. Tabacco then.
Gouernour. Tis likely, for with vs men ſmoke ther lands thorough their noſtrels, ſhall I tell ye ſir, tis a commoditie may well be ſpared.
Gentle. Good lucke a gods name, ſir it is a truncke.
Gouer. Lift ſir. *They lift it out.*
Gentle. Tis quicke, it heau'd as I heau'd it.
Gouer. Yfaith I thinke ſo to, in heart of hope I will be all ſo bold, as to breake way.
Gentle. Ha.
They breake the Truncke open, and ſhe ſits vp.
Mary. If you be men and borne of that weake ſex,
Which I my ſelfe profeſſe, being woman,
Pittie the liuing ſorrowe of a maide,
Buried for dead, but backe againe recal'd,
By the diuinitie of heauenly power,
Amaze not, I am creature, fleſh and blood,
Not as I ſeeme, a paie and earthly Ghoſt,
The ſtory when you heare it ſhall make plaine,
The wofull chance of life ſo lately ſlaine.
Gouer. I had acquaintance with this voice, my coſin.
Gentle. Tis ſhe, ſir, tis Miſtris *Mary Virger*, I know her.

Marie. My name recalles my memorie,
And I am ſuch a creature, oh,
My vnckle, where am I? returne againe,
Death thou art wanton in a louers paine.

Gouer. Coſin I will not queſtion the particulars,
The time calles on a preſent comfort,
And your life halfe ſpent,
Makes true neceſſitie delay no longer,
Therefore come, as leaſure we ſhall heare,
The dying ſtory of your miſerie.
How euer, glad I am that ſuch a chance,
Lãded in Scilly not in neighboring Frãce.

Enter in Filbon in welch attire, and Tutch in ſeruingmans, like one another, with them S. Raſe, M. *Auditor & Tabitha.*

Auditor. If euer you vſ'd ſpeede, be ſwift as lightning,
Shoote as the ſtarres in their celeſtiall ſphears,
Go and returne as *Paris* did from *Greece*,
With that immatchles *Hellen*, tell the Prieſt
It muſt be done, he will beleeue your haſte,
Becauſe twas quickned with the former grant,
And promiſed by the knight himſelfe.

S. *Raſe.* Let me alone to make the way, follow you ſonne. *Exit.*

Filbon. And if I doe not let me looſe my prize.

Auditor. Wheres the knight?

Tabitha. Buſie with one, who comes as coniur'd vp from *Cupids* quiuer, ſtroken deepe in loue, he is a Pothecary.

Tutch I know him his mother was a. *Audi.* Peace. Him will I buſily attend, go you diſpatch while I detaine the father, if this proue, tis comicke pleaſure in the ſchoole of loue. *Exit.*

Filbon. We muſt be quick and ſodaine, come.

Tutch. Slip like your Eele.

Tabitha. If any man know any lawfull cauſe why theſe two may not marry, now ſpeake, or elſe for euer mumb, I am gone yfaith.

Tutch.

Tutch. Maſter, remember, you ha my tongue.
Filb. yes, and thou mine, let me alone to counterfeit, *exeũt*
Enter ſir William with Humil, like a Pothecary.
S. *Vvil.* Thinke on your oth.
Hum. Sir, if I do not, let me dye.
When I haue poiſon'd her with this confection:
Be you cloudy kild with ſorrow, tis a skin,
Will draw to purpoſe on the ſtraiteſt gloue,
But then your promiſed reward.
S. *Vvil.* My daughter and my goods,
I haue no other ſonne but you, all is thine,
Queſtion not the reaſon, why this is,
For I haue many, and amongſt them one
Sites all the reſt, that knowne to thee,
Will rather haſten death, then pitty it.
Go, I will bid my gueſts, for to this feaſt:
Shal ſhe haue noble poiſon, twill cauſe feare,
Vſe leſſe ſuſpition, and my mortall hate,
Shall it ſelfe kenuell in the pride of ſtate.
Hum. giue order for the banquet,
S. *Vvil.* within there. *enter Lady.*
Lady. Sir, what is your will?
S. *Vvil.* To murder thee, *he ſpeakes aſide*
Hum. She dies ſir, if I liue, I am a Pothecary.
And can knead the paſte to purpoſe, ſhe is gon
Had ſhe a thouſand liues laid vp in one.
S. *Vvil.* Wife, I muſt haue thee paint,
And ſet a gloſſe vpon this louely front,
To moue, and to attract all eies looke as the ſonmer,
Which glads all hearts with his bloud-creaſing ſpring:
Vſe thy beſt graces, though moſt proudly
I will haue it ſo, fit thee to all ſtate,
Deck't in thy choiſeſt ornament, ſhine glo-worme,
In the noone of night, for at this ſupper.
I will haue more then all our friends,
Muſike ſeuerall, Maſques and Reuellings.

In which thou ſhalt be mounted as the bride,
And I the iolly Bridegrome, will tend on thee,
As duty and the time commands me.
Lady. Whereof comes this coſt?
S.Vvil. Examine not, but lay your beſt end now to't
Councell with this Pothecary which I ſent for
To the buſineſſe, pray ye vſe your art:
For I am bent to this conſumption,
Wheres our ſeruant *Iames?*
Lady. Within ſir, ſhall I call him?
S.Vvil. No, I wil waite on him, for tis my duty.
Such as would ſpend in feaſts, are but the ſlaues,
To attend the pleaſures of conſuming knaues.
And I am one of thoſe, he is the flower
That I muſt crop too in this fatall hower.
Pray ye appoint ſir, ſhe will fit you well,
My purſe ſhall puruey what you ſhall determine,
What we will be waſtful ſometime, & our owne,
We vncontrol'd may diſpoſe of: tis our loue,
Rather our deſtinie, hate ioin'd to this brow,
A horne that drawes on death, no matter how. *Exeunt.*
Lady. Sir, in my cloſſet ſerue your ſelfe with ſugers, there are ſpices of the pureſt, vſe them in this coſt, what elſe you want, pleaſe you command, they ſhall attend you.
Humil. I want vertue in a mother, are you one?
Lady. I am a mother to an abſent ſonne,
But not to vertue wanting, wrong me not.
Humil. Wrong not your ſelfe.
Lady. I neuer will. *he diſcouers himſelfe to his mother.*
Humil. You haue.
Lady. *Humil*, O my ſhame and not my ſonne.
By thee a mother is made miſerable.
Humil. By me blacke ſinne? no by thy owne neglect, made perfect by my true inteiligence, and how euer cunning maſqu'd and don'd the viſſard that ſo muffled me, I knew not who was in the bed.

Lady.

Lady. Your eies were witneſſes.

Humil. And holy ones.

Lady. Found you the man you loo'kt for?

Humil. No, twas a ſubtill ſtraine, ſo hudwink't truth,
I am a traytor if *I* did not ſee *Iames* your man faſt in your armes.

Lady. Thou art a traytor then, if any *Iames* were there, hee was no man of mine, he was thy father.

Lady. Maruell not, at leaſure *I* will tell thee all,
His late returne, the tricke to place him here,
My ſtay, and his continuing in this houſe, which
Knowne, thou wilt no ſin account, to keep our owne.

Hum. O you prophetique Fairies, how dally you,
In concaues of our hearts, ſham'd at my errour
I thought for euer to be from your ſight,
But thinking, truth was blinded, *I* forethought
Some following buſineſſe, thus *I* altered
Comming as one diſguiſed to ſaue her life,
Dam'd for that fact.

Lady. My life?

Hum. You muſt be poiſoned at this feaſt,
Tis I muſt do the deede, ô mother,
How are you bleſt in my returne from trauell,
I that to light bring your offence, ſo thought,
Muſt be the pardon at your iudgement brought.

Lady. Ah me.

Humil. No more, much ſecrecie calles on vs,
Acquaint me with my father, plead my guilt.
We ſhall with cunning ſo vnfold this buſineſſe,
That our hopes ſhall ſtrengthen as they periſh,
No idle practiſe, but a ſerious toile,
Muſt bring home conqueſt from this long wiſht ſpoile.

Enter Henry, Filbon, Tabitha, Sir Rafe, Tutch.

Henry. If I lock vp this treaſon, let me periſh, *exeunt.*
No ſir, my breaſt is yet an vncorrupt and holy houſe,

That

That harbors in it, nought but honeſtie, and to do
This wrong to my patron, *per deum atque hominem fidem.*
Tabith. No matter if you tell it now, tis done, *finis* men
Say, concludes the auncient worke, and this
Though newly done, cries ſo be it.
Henry. If keepe ſecrets, can be but offence, and ſo tis now,
May be, I looſe my place, but theres a friend which
Turning calles detraction, at his heeles liues hope,
Whoſe cunning quicknes euery fault to fauour.
Filb. Why true, and we ſhall as we may excuſe it,
Twas a deede done in welch, you vnderſtood it not.
Tabith. Let me alone to buckler thee ſir *Henry*,
Henry. Can ye ward your ſelfe?
Tabith. This was a paſſe, twas Fencers play, and for the
after venny, let me vſe my skill.
S. *Rafe.* How euer girle, thou art my daughter now,
What thou ſhalt looſe in father, from thy owne,
Thou vncontrold ſhalt find as much in his,
And I am he.
Tabith. And I acknowledge both this in my Lord, my
head, my husband, at whoſe bed I am obedient, at whoſe board
I am obedient: all in all, I am the wife of *Filbon*, whoſe rough
Welch, hath got a comſtering Engliſh, parſe it boy, Nounes,
Pronounes, Verbs, Aduerbs, and God giue thee ioy.
Tutch. With vocatiue ô, your father heares it.
Tabith. And ablatiue caret, takes his daughter.
Henry. Then in pluraliter, ah has a ſonne.
Filb. So ſingular and plurall all is done.

Enter Auditor, like a Merchant ſtill.

Auditor. If euer you were ſwift be nimble now, what ha ye
married, tide this knot?
Tabith. I, and the earneſt blow giuen, feare it not.
Henry. Sir, I haue ſet my hand to't, ſeal'd the deed,
Pray God it cancell not in me.
Aud. Then part, and euery one be ſilent.
There is a feaſt appointed at the knights.

Tabitha

Tabitha. Our marriage dinner, is it?

Auditor. A gallant one, much coſt is threatned. And the good old knight vnbuckles from his backe, the liberall loade of honour, dos proclaime triumphs, and welcome vnto all, calles for his wife, charges her care, commands his ſeruant *Iames* to inuite his gueſts, which in a rolle ſtands quoted, theres a new come pothecarie, and he bribes, euen grace her ſelfe in this aſſembly, and dos promiſe his furtherance in the buſineſſe, on the ſodaine you are miſt, daggers and diuels the knight cries wheres my daughter? one vp aſcends to ſearch the chambers, another runs to ſeeke for this loſt daughter. I knowing more then much in this her abſence, ſingled my ſelfe to warne you of his ſearch, hether will hee come, for he feares yong *Filbon*, miſſing the ſuters, calling for the marchant, I anſwered not (being abſent) in this heate the welch man, where is he? none can be found, cries out he knowes not what, and all his word is now, a plott, a plott, a plott.

S. Rafe. What will ye doe?

Tabitha. Kiſſe and part, till fit occaſion of our next ſalute, *Filbon* farewell, my husband thinke on me, I am thy treaſure. but thou bear'ſt the keie. *Exit.*

S. Rafe. I will home.

Auditor. And I will ſee the reſt, what will you ſir doe? *Exit.*

Henry. Nay I ha done enough, I am vndone in my ſelfe, *Hei mihi quod nullos*, I muſt doe this deede, twas I *pauca* the reſt, Ile home ſir, I. *Exit.*

Tutch. What reſts for welch ſir *Robert Morgan*, by God was cragge de pen, and the hangman calles to me, da hum a, da hum a?

Filbon. I will be at this feaſt in ſome diſguiſe.

Tutch. Ile fit ye ſir, tis here, I am tutch right, *hic & vbique*, euery where. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William Vergir.

S. Wil. Now ſmiles the inſtant, & wrathes wrinckles ſeeme,

As ſmoothed curles vpon a wanton ſtreame,
My hopes grow big, and their diliuery,
Is by our midwife time brought to true birth,
I will not be a pointing ſtocke tot'h world,
No, if this goſſip rumor publiſh it,
It ſhall be chriſtned with reuenge and death,
Why when, are we growne ſluggards now?
Tardy in bountie, ſhall we niggard it?

Enter Humil in white ſleeues and apron, and others poſting ouer the ſtage with boxes.

Humil. Be quicke, carry thoſe ſweete meats in,
Bid them that in this buſineſſe haue to doe,
That they attend this rich confectionary,
With no common care, the coſt cõmands more loue
And duetie, fit we are fitting to occaſion,
Would all your gueſts were come.

S. Wil. Tis the feaſts duetie to attend,
Thou art a willing miſchiefe, haſt thou fitted
our purpoſe to the proofe?

Hu. Haue *I*, thinke you *I* am ſlacke?
Puſht on with hope of beautie and reward.
She dies had ſhe a life more deare
Then the laſt ſpring, ſole comfort of the yeare.
But *I* will couer and prepare. *Exit.*

S. Wil. Doe, doe, my daughters thine, my goods, my all,
Bleſſed beginning to my ſorrowes fall.
Wheres my Lady? *Lady.* Here.

Enter Lady gallant and braue, while Humil and others prepare.

S. *Wil.* That one ſo heauenly faire ſhould earthly be,
Slaue to misfortune, bace in luxurie.

Lady. Sir for to pleaſe your eie, I am thus quaint,
Good faith *I* am aſham'd in my ſelfe.

S. *Wil.* How and a woman.
Come blaze thy affections to immodeſty,
And tho thy vertues contradict the deede,

Be *Venus* wanton, ſmile, with *Helens* eie,
For I will haue it ſo.

Lady. I was not ſo brought vp : I ſhall endeauor, tho my cheekes put on ſenſuable die of other baſhfulneſſe.

Iames. Sir your honourable gueſts are come.

S. *Wil.* Nay then you wrong me moſt of all,
Shew not theſe ſignes of feare, all's paſt,
And I am dead in old remembrance,
Troth I am, forget it, as I doe, ſay on.

Iames. Coches ſo fill the pauemens of your dore,
That ſcarce can paſſage giue the footemen way,
Tis not amiſſe you goe to meete them ſir.

S. *Wil.* Why well ſaid, ſpoke with courage, & I wil,
Iouiall like a bridegroome, Lady you ſee,
They waite on vs, and all attend on thee.

Lady. Worthleſſe I am, but ſince it is your will,
I borrowe light from ſun-ſhine of your beames,
Who gliſters ſo, giues ſplendor nothing proud,
Darkned by feare, halfe hidden in a cloud.

S. *Wil.* Nay hand in hand, in faith *Iames* pardon me,
That dally with the darling of your heart. *Exeunt.*

Iames. Euen ſo, but little thinking ſuch a thing,
Small gaine ſprings from that toile, where induſtry
Sweats in the browes of others victorie.

Enter Humil buſily ſtill.

Hum. Father be mindfull, this preſuming knight,
Plaies with the flame, burnes in the candle-light,
When we ſhall furniſh to diſfurniſh him,
Of what he yet enioies.

Iames. *Humil*, tis cunningly contriu'd,
and I attend it. *Exit.*

Humil. For charitie be ſwift.
Place your plate, and pile your vitriall boales
Neſt vpon neſt, Theſe for wines and beare,
The other tend the call of altering diet,
Sirrha, quoth he, we ſhall fit I trow,

The pleaſant purpoſe of loues appetite,
Ad hand yfaith, and welcome to the feaſt,
Whoſe foode is pleaſure, dainties but a ieſt.
And I prouide it for ye.

Enter Earle, Lords, Ladies, ſo many as may be, S. *Wil. and his Ladie in complement.*

S. *Wil.* Right noble & my hearts indored friends,
To preach your welcome, were to drowne the ſea
With floods of water. Be it knowne vnto ye,
That your comming ſolemnely inuited,
Hath that attendance appertaining as the Gods
In their ſelected Bacchiuels command,
Mary, the Nectar wants, and the Ambrotia,
Smiles in the preſence of ſuch earthly wines,
As the worlds compound furniſhes with all,
Though it come ſhort of luſhius ſurfetting:
Yet willing furtherance makes the value meete,
In her beſt ſuite of entertaine, ſit then,
And let our muſicke reliſh to the eare:
Such care and coſt as loue and welcome giues,
Not to prophane the beſt except the leaſt,
As prolong to begin this worthleſſe feaſt.

Earle. Sir we are eaſily won to fawn on frendſhip,
Spanniel-like, yet with the ſmiles of men,
Which redeliuers loue for loue,
What we receiue are treaſures ſafely ſtor'd,
And ſhall with intereſt be repaid againe,
Your free, yet frugall, without lauiſhing,
Nor come we to make boote of curteſie,
But value kindeneſſe in her beſt of loue,
So wee dwell in your bountie.

S. *Wil.* Rent-free welcome.
If you thinke this your receptacle, then
Landlord I am, and ſhall ſo ſoundly proue,
As fines forgiuen, you leeſe, free borne our loue.
Welcome our tenants Landlady.

Lady.

Lady. I do, my duty tenders it,
Sit then and frolicke, for to my hearts liking,
Is this day conſecrated, bleſt the meanes,
That added to it, ſuch proſperitie,
While we ſat ſighing on the bancks of bale,
Bliſſe kiſt her cheeke, and bids her ioy, al haile.
S. *Wil.* I ſuch a ſtorm as when the ſhower is paſt,
It driues deſtruction to thy ſoule,
Morral in faith, enigmaies riddles ſo,
Muſike fal too, wiſe I wil ſeate thee heere.
With pardon of thy betters.
Ear. In yours ſhe is the beſt, & does command
Place and periority i'th vpper hand,
Beſides, her beauty merits as the beſt,
To ouer ſhine ſtarres, were they here poſſeſt.
Lady. VVell mock't my Lord.
Earle. No, not a whit.
My iudgement erres, if otherwiſe I cenſure it,
Sit ſirs, for I, although inuited, chalenge here
Full flowing welcome, from his lippes that lends,
As vnto me, ſo much to all my friends,
And I begin vnto ye.
The Earle ſits, and all do follow him.
S. Wil. theres a cockrel right,
That learnes to crow from others, good my Earle,
If that my boldnes may, chalenge thy owne,
Engadge vnto thy noblenes for euer,
I promiſe whoſe performance highly giues,
Heart willingnes to boote, cods me fill wine.
Filles two glaſſes, gines her one.
Skink & carouſe, wife charge this common ſhot
Leauell point blanke, ſee who thy pearſing eye,
Can marke to hit, if they be bullet free,
They ſcape the vnder daunt of courteſie.
Ear. They ſay hees curſt that by a cannon dies,
May I be bleſt in ſuch a deſtiny,

For of all other, I were onely happy,
Being the ey-marke of ſo faire a ſhot.
1. *Lor.* Diſcharge bright beauty, & ſhoot home
Make me the man ſo happy.
2. *Lor.* I, or me.
Ear. Or any, mongſt ſo many, liues free choice
To one as principall, to each a voice.
La. Then to the worthieſt, to your ſelfe my Lord.
By figure of the reſt, tis vnderſtood,
By the kings nod, he greeses his ſubiects freely,
Though his eye ſettle vpon one.
Ear. Euen ſo to me, I anſwere & acknowledge
Receite of complement beſtowd about
On euery willing, and right welcome gueſt.
Pray ye all memories.
All. We do ſo, and he giues a duty.
To gratulate ſuch ſeeming courteſie.
S. Wil. Nurſe *Iohn*, vnlook't for better welcome,
This is kindly viſitation faith,
Enter Filbon, & Tutch, in blew like nurſe, and Iohn ith Hoſpital.
Filb. Sir, tis my duty, and my beggard boldnes
Makes me preſume to trouble ye,
Knowing how you affect this ignorant,
I brought him to giue welcome to your gueſts,
Hearing at London of this preparation.
S. Wil. At London, is it got ſo farre abroad?
You ſee a niggards bounty how it ſpreades,
Like to a nine daies wonder gentlemen:
And much the more, becauſe tis ſeldome ſeene,
That couetous miſers are ſo plentifull,
Faith, tis much in me.
Ear. We find it ſo, ſir *William.*
S. Wil. now my ſuck-egge tell me, what's the
newes at London, you heare all.
Tute. That honeſt men want, and knaues get
money, I ha nothing, nurſe has ſome, dogs are let

looſe

loose, and the beares vndone, ha, ha, ha.

S. *Wil.* Came ye by foot *Iohn*, or by water?

Tutch. a horse-backe ith boat.

S. *Will.* Art no gal'd with riding, *Iohn*?

Tutch. No, but weary with sitting, nurse shall sing a *Geneua* psalme, and bids these beggers welcome.

S. *William.* How beggars, *Iohn?*

Tutch. All the world is so, ha, ha, ha.

Ear. He saies true, chide him not, we are no lesse.

S. *Wil.* Daughter welcome, Nurse all day, at night be your bed-fellow.

Tabit. my nurse, indeede my bed-fellow for euer,
My *Filbon* welcome, welcome as my husband,
My last, and for euer best beloued.

S. *Will. Iames*, To season this good meeting,
Take hand in hand with our faire wife and dance,
Gallants, my man can trick it with my Lady,
You shall see else, make not squeamish, to't,
It is my will, and what I will shal be.

Iames. Beseeke ye sir.

S *Wil.* Befoole ye sir wilt be, wife make not coy

Lad. Since you command it, I am ready.

S *Wil.* I trow so, but I trust a potion pleades
By this time to true purpose, dos it not?

Hum. I would not be so sped, for all the world,
Tis done too late, tis past.

S. *Wil.* Good ith beginning, let her dance her last
Who fronts me with a *Cornu copiæ* wreath,
Were she a wife sprung from the race of kings,
Such bitter breathing followes, now ye lamps,
Of spotted *Nemmisis*, burne blew, let the fall,
Light on mischiefes selfe, that dallied lately in our wretchednes, tell her sad sorrow, tombs and epitafes tend her amazing obsequies, & then liue free thou wrong'd soule from slanders cruelty.

Lady. I am not well sir, pray ye leaue the daunce.

S. *Will.*

S. *Will.* Not well, *Iames* be gone.

Iames. Sir, you ſhall pardon me, vnles with her being not well. S. *Wil.* Ha.

Iames. Thinke you I will, what leaue my country, ſir.
Vpon a ſlight, a trifle, tis more deare to me.

S. *Wil.* Waſt not thy promiſe?

Iames. Pughe. S. *William.* Pughe.

Tab. Madame, leane on me, Ile bring you to your chamber.

Lady. Pre-thee daughter, faith I'me paſſing ill,
Your honour and the reſt muſt beare with vs,
Tis nothing vſuall, a queaſie fit.

Earl. The mother.

Lady. No, the husband.
Good faith I am not woman ſick, though woman
But earneſt ill, clog'd at the very ſtomacke with
A ſodaine calme, I feare me tis my death.

S. *Wil.* Nurſe help to bring her to her cloſſet, do.

Filb. Excellent fit, ſupported by vs too.

Tutch. Plague on't, ſhall I be left alone, maſter make haſte?
But tis my deede, I am author of this ſhift, 'hees where hee
would be now, Ime where I ſhould be too, but not wel back't,
yes now I am. *Enter Sir Rafe.*

S. *Rafe.* Beſeeke ye pardon me.
Sir *William*, I am wrongd, and to this company,
I make it knowne by comming of thy daughter:
Is my ſonne made her indored husband, ſhall I
Suffer it, call you this curteſie, tis ſimple craft?
Cloak't vnder thy denial, is this wel to ingraſt with vs vn-
knowne, and ſo to ioyne yonkers to heirs, he is my onely all,
and married vnto thy daughter?

Enter Filbon and Tabitha.

S. *Will.* Ha, Married? Nurſe, how is't within?

Filb. Shees very ill ſir, and I feare.

S. Rafe. That your diſguiſe is knowne, come iuggle not,
call you this Nurſe? O thou diſſembling boy.

S *William.* Are you married?

Tabitha.

Tabitha. Sir I muſt needs confeſſe it, he's my husband, & the reaſon?

S. *Wil.* No matter for the reaſon, I ha done, God boy ye, Conicatcht by a tricke, and ſo perſwaded, good.

S. *Rafe.* I am abuſ'd.

S. *Wil.* Yes queſtionleſſe you are, I haue all right.

Filbon. You haue no wrong ſir, I to affirme your word, When I was woman, and from man I ſhould, and now, I truſt my ſhape dos challendge but your promiſe.

Tutch. I plaid but *Iohn* come kiſſe me now ſaies ſhe, I am *Tutch* your quondam ſeruant ſir, thruſt out to thruſt them in, a lawfull marriage is no mockery ſir, I counterfeited welch, to ioyne this conſtring Engliſh.

Enter Auditor and his ſonne Toures.

Earle. What at a gaze ſir *William*? cannot be recald.

S. *Wil.* No, no, more miſchiefe, nay come all together, welcome.

Auditor. Thanke ye ſir.
My ſonne return'd, ſurrenders to your doombe his life, for yours ſo lately loſt, deputed in your daughter, for ſhe is dead ſir, buried in the ile of Scillie.

S. *Wil.* Not amiſſe, whats the next *Pagan*? all the craft of this is knowne.

Toures. Sir had I too hearts to melt this frozen feare, would thaw with paſſion, the drops diſtil'd from our torme-ted braine, witneſſed by theſe ſailers that inter'd her, knowes how I parted with her when ſhe dide.

Earle. Is miſtris Mary dead?

Toures. She is.

S. *Wil.* VVell, ſhall I haue Iuſtice for her death?

Earle. Command it ſir.

S. *VVil.* To priſon with him them, for ſhe is murdred, Sir cauſe you knew your rapine and your theft, tied to your runnaway legs that clog, you were vncertaine of her portion and our loue, therefore to rid that feare, you rid me thus of her (to me) moſt deare, my owne, my onely eldeſt of my

daughters, oh.

Audi. Ile be his bale.

S. *VVil.* Sir tell not me of bale, for my aſſurance pleads in his life, and he ſhall die.

Earle. You haue no preſident for that.

S. *VVil.* Yes, remember *Donningtons* man, *Grimes*,
VVho for an heire ſo ſtolne and married,
VVas hanged, and the ſergeant at armes
For aſſiſting them, did looſe his place,
If this were done, your theft will hardly ſcape.

Earle. I thought of that indeede.

Enter Iames and Humill diſguiſed ſtill.

Iames. Murder, murder, murder.

Earle. Ha, by whom?

Iames. By this faire counterfeit of husband, heres my witneſſe, and the deputie in ſuch a miſchiefe.

S. *VVil.* Nay then.

Iames. My wife is made away, poiſon'd here, and you that ſhould be iuſt are witneſſes.

Earle. VVe follow, ſpeake, explaine this myſtery.

S. *Wil.* Your wife ſir.

Iames. Yes, ſuppoſd for dead, as riſen from my graue,
I came to More-clacke, but a little late,
Euen when the lying Prieſt did call her thine,
She knew it, and deuiſed with her gloue,
To repoſſeſſe me of the houſe ſhe chalengd.
ſo honourd, I ſlept with my owne, but thought the contrary, you know what happened, that ſonne that ſo betraid his parents thus diſguiſd, fearing inſuing miſchiefe, wrought by you to haue poiſon'd his deare mother, twas your biding, therefore murder, but the will of heauen bad otherwiſe, and yet ſhe liues, wife what ſay you? *Enter Ladie.*

Ladie. That al is ſo.

Humil. And I affirme it true, my ſhape caſt off dos anſwere ſir in few.

S. *VVil.* Prettie in faith, no maruell you forſwore my bed,

Wheu

VVhen you had ſubſtance for a property,
Sir you muſt haue your owne, who can deny it?
And I muſt as the ſtory runs be mum,
Foold in my ſelfe by my owne ſlights vndone.
But whats this to my daughter, where is ſhe?
Marie. Here ſir.

Enter Gouernour, Mary and others.

Gouernour. Brother *Vergir.*

S. *Wil.* Brother *George* from Scillie, whats the newes?

Gouernour. That your deare daughter dead and buried ſir, by miracle was thus preſeru'd, which at more leiſure I ſhall manifeſt: pray ye forgiue her fault, come theres ſome wanton blood left yet, ſaies I, ye will I know, and wrongs paſt all remedy, the world muſt vndergo.

Marie. My *Toures*, the dead dos liue, I am thy wife, *Mary.*

Toures. Or her ghoaſt, a ſhadowe or a ſubſtance.

Tabitha. Siſter I will teach ye a medecine to make a ſhadowe ſubſtance, ly with him to night, as I will with my *Filbon*, & by the morning thinke but what is paſt, and you will reckon rightly you, hele hold you three to one my medicine's true.

S. *Wil.* Me thinkes I haue a tickling in my blood croſſes all anger, malediction hence, hence, thou ill temper'd Feare, this comicall euent ſeaſons the true applauſe; ſince welcome is the word, y'faith, I know not what to ſay, faine I would, & yet a lazy lagging apprehends with doubt, but well I know not what, in me, it lyes to puniſh or to pardō, I wil be generall ly laught at, once inſooth I will. I am a widdower, gallants, and you meete at marriages, and funerals, ſo thinke it pray ye, I abridge all complement, barre all opponents, & reſolue to fauour you, you, you, and challenge from your lou, perſwaſion to this purpoſe, ſince our fate makes vs the worlds fond Idiot, be it ſo youth, and your fortune was prodigious to it, and my beſt of ſpirit, binds vp in this, all is but thankleſſe merit.

Earle

Earle. Then Epilogue am I,
Imagine all the world were in your houſe,
And hearing this report with wondring braine,
I thus excuſe it, Gentlemen you ſee how fortune
Fauours in extremity, if any botch vp ill; haue
Shew of good, and is not in thee ſequell vnderſtood,
Yet beare with all, as this old Knight has done,
Looſing a wife redoubled in a ſonne, what you ſhall
VVant in iudgement, ſeeing this, thinke euery
Act is ſubiect to amiſſe, ſo ſaid, ſo done, will
Bring to true delight, hands meeting thus,
To ſigne this bleſſed night.

FINIS.